

# NATIONAL REPOSITORY.

MAY, 1878.

## SPRING FLOWERS.



TRAILING ARBUTUS. (*Epigaea repens*).

WITH the Spring-tide come longer days, and softer skies and more genial sunshine, alternating with chilly evenings and rough winds, and frequent April showers. Genuine Spring season is a matter of latitude as well as of time. Within the tropics, there can be no Spring because there is no Winter; and within or near the polar circles, the transition from the Winter of ten long months is by a bound into the full glow of the polar Summer. The perfection of Spring-time must be sought about midway between the tropics and the polar circles, varied slightly by local deflections of the isothermal lines to the north or south. In the United States, the midway belt of the temperate region lies between the fortieth and forth-fifth degrees of latitude. East of the Alleghenies, it is rather in the southern

part; but farther west it inclines northward. Within this belt the changes are at once so gradual and yet well-defined, that the year is pretty evenly divided among the four seasons, and the changes are so clearly marked that the face of nature becomes an intelligible calendar.

The climatology and natural history of English and Anglo-American literature conforms pretty closely to the requirements of the region indicated. Manifestly external nature largely influences literature, especially the poetical and descriptive; and the phenomena of nature in Great Britain are not unlike those of the middle region of the United States, though the former country lies nearly ten degrees further north. But too often our writers have betrayed their want of independence by repeating the de-

tails of English natural history in their references to natural objects. They stock our fields and groves and air with the denizens of another country, with larks and linnets and

walk in the country at that season, whether among cultivated fields or in the deep forests, is full of inspiration and delight; especially to such as by frequent and intimate

communings with nature have become susceptible to her charms.

It is wonderful to observe with what regularity and order the attendant hosts of the Spring appear in their places. It is said that experienced woodmen and trappers know the very day when the hibernating animals may be expected abroad. The practical ornithologists tell us just at what time the several birds of passage will show themselves at any given place, and with like precision and order do the various kinds of trees and shrubs



LIVERLEAF. (*Hepatica acutiloba*.)

cuckoos and nightingales, with daisies and cowslips and primroses and hawthorns, though none of these belong among us. And this servility is all the less excusable, since there is in our own clime no lack of the richest materials for illustrations and embellishment.

It is not at all strange that, among us, the return of Spring should be the theme of frequent and enamored references by our poets and imaginative writers. Its coming seems to give new life to all the dormant powers of nature. And in the presence of this universal quickening, it is easy to fancy the "rosy-footed" genius of the season, winding her mellow horn adown the hill-sides and through the valleys, awakening the sleeping flowers, and leading back the feathered tribes to their aforesaid haunts. A

and plants take their places in this great uprising and coming to the front. Even while the earth remains frost-bound, and the equinoctial gusts are still sweeping over the plains and mountains, the swamps are crimsoned by the tender boughs and bright flowers of the maple, and the willows by the brooks have exchanged the dull gray of Winter for the golden tints that tell of the coming back of the sun. Each tree seems to know its own time and to keep it with the most exemplary punctuality. The alders by the brooklets, and the hazels in the hedges, the poplars and birches and willows hang out their tassels in due order; and with such precision does the foliage appear on each tree, that from them the red men constructed their calendar.

Leaving all else out of the account, the

reader is invited to be one of a company of quiet lovers of nature, going "a-Maying" in field and grove, to greet the earliest born of the denizens of our meadows and woods. Who make up our company each one may fancy for himself, always counting himself and the writer hereof in the number, and assuming that all the rest are equally sensible people, and perhaps a little smitten with the love of the rural beauties, of which we are in pursuit. It will not be required that any body shall part with his or her common sense; for no

flowers, to find them in their native haunts, and to see and admire them in all their wild beauty and fragrance,—if they have any.

The suddenness with which some of these "eldest daughters of the Spring" leap into life and into bloom is remarkable, indicating, indeed, that all Winter long their sleep had been very light—a half-waking, so that the first and faintest breath of Spring sufficed to call them forth. Among the most irrepressible of these Winter watchers, is the Dandelion (*Taraxacum dens-leonis*), originally a foreigner, but so thoroughly naturalized



DANDELION (*Taraxacum dens-leonis*).

attempt will be made to call up the wood-nymphs or hamadryads; though if any shall so fancy they may make the attempt. It is simply proposed to look after the early Spring

that no native of the soil can be more at home than is it. If the Winter is not over-severe, occasional flowers may be seen at Christmas, and on St. Valentine's day it



HEPATICA TRILOBA.

may be expected to be fairly aroused for the season. As soon as the Spring has comfortably possessed its place the bright golden disks of this lowly flower may be seen shining among the dry grass, or pushing their way through the remains of last year's growth, and causing a wonder at such an apparition in places so unexpected. Like some very excellent people, the Dandelion has caused itself to be unappreciated by making itself too common, and persistently forcing itself into notice. The real beauty of both its golden flower-disk, and afterward of its lofty globe of winged seeds entitles it to no second-rate position in the flower-garden or the bouquet; while in the kitchen garden it is a fine salad, and the medicinal properties of its roots are well known. But because it will not consent to be dependent upon favors for its maintenance, but looks well to its own

affairs, it is cast out as of little account. Still, in early Spring-time, the true lover of nature confesses its beauty, and pauses to gaze upon its brightness.

Our walk was to be among the trees; we will therefore pass away from cultivated fields and well-kept meadows with their exotic growths into wilder scenes, where the untamed nurslings of nature may be found in all their simplicity. Here on the border of the wood, where the ground trends southward, we may find our first-born of Spring—the modest and exquisitely delicate Liver-leaf (*Hepatica triloba*). Its dark kidney-shaped leaves, spread upon the ground, are of last year's growth, for the new ones are not produced until the season is well advanced. A close inspection of the plant, even in Winter, will discover buds already formed and apparently ready to respond to the first breathings of Spring. A very little sunshine suffices to call it into bloom, quite regardless of the winds howling in the tree-tops, or the chilly midnight air from the neighboring

snow-banks.

The *Hepatica* is for good reasons a favorite among the lovers of wild flowers, not only for its early coming, but also from its delicate form and color. Its fine hairy flower-stems push up from the roots two or three inches long, lifting the delicate light-blue and purplish flowers, spreading their filmy petals in a broad calyx of mouse-eared sepals. The botanists class it with the Crow-foot family (*Ranunculaceae*), where also are formed a large number of our early Spring favorites. Beside this broad-leaved variety there is still another (*H. Acutiloba*), with more erect and sharp-pointed leaves; but the difference between the two species is neither wide nor constant.

A little farther up the hill-side, just where the rocks crop out through the soil, will probably be found the beautiful *Rue Anem-*





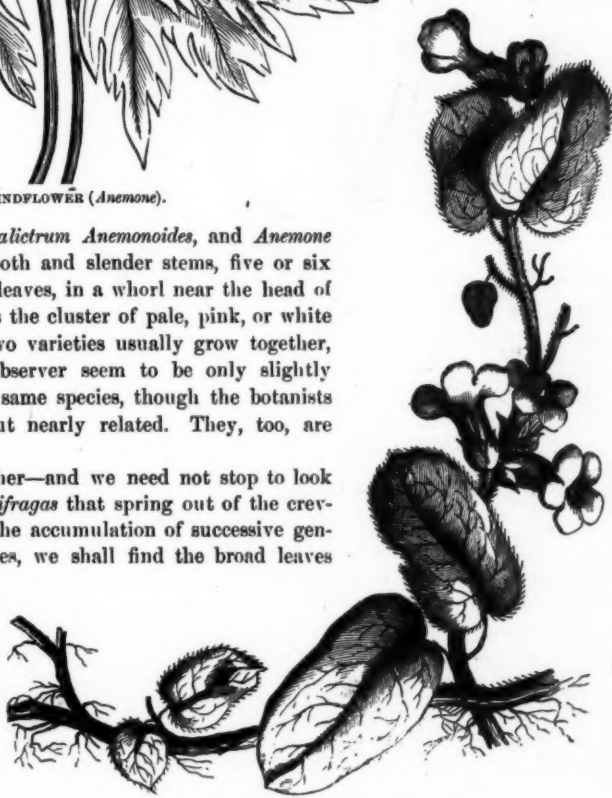
WINDFLOWER (*Anemone*).

one, or Wind-flower (*Thalictrum Anemonoides*, and *Anemone nemorosa*), with their smooth and slender stems, five or six inches high, three-lobed leaves, in a whorl near the head of the plant, above which is the cluster of pale, pink, or white star-like flowers. The two varieties usually grow together, and to the unskillful observer seem to be only slightly different varieties of the same species, though the botanists reckon them distinct, but nearly related. They, too, are Crowfoots.

Climbing up still farther—and we need not stop to look after the snow-white *Saxifragas* that spring out of the crevices—in a bed of mold, the accumulation of successive generations of decayed leaves, we shall find the broad leaves and white flowers of the Bloodroot (*Sanguinaria Canadensis*), both leaves and flowers springing from creeping roots, and each smooth flower-stem supporting a pure white flower with a broad disk made up of narrow, ray-like petals, but appar-

ently quite too delicate to brave the early Spring-time in which it appears. If any part of the plant is broken—leaves, flowers, or roots—it gives out a rich scarlet-colored juice, from which it is named. It is much used for medicine.

Yonder, under those spreading oaks, where the ground is covered with dried leaves and grass, may perhaps be found, half-buried in the ground, and covered with its own or



TRAILING ARBUTUS (*Epigaea repens*).

BLOOD ROOT (*Sanguinaria Canadensis*).

other leaves, the rarest favorite of the early Spring—the Trailing Arbutus (*Epigaea repens*). Its modesty might, perhaps, cause it to be overlooked, did not its strong and delicious odor invariably betray its presence, and then with a little searching, its pretty white and pink flowerets will be discovered. This plant is very abundant along the eastern coast of Massachusetts and Maine, and it is met with occasionally all through the Middle States as far as Virginia. It is an evergreen shrub, creeping upon the earth, and hiding itself under whatever may lie upon the surface. Its rose-colored flowers grow in clusters, with a salver-formed corolla of delicate petals resting in a calyx. This was the May-flower of the Pilgrims of Plymouth Rock—the first to greet them

after the terrible Winter suffered by them after their first landing. Its beauty and exceptionally rich odors, together with its tendency to hide itself out of sight, has caused it to be celebrated as an emblem of modest worth.

Another of the favorites of our Eastern neighbors, still less frequent in these parts, but quite worthy of a passing notice, is the beautiful little Star-flower (*Trientalis Americana*), with its delicate white blossoms rising from the stem above a whorl of green lance-shaped leaves. It is usually found in damp, cool woods, and in pretty high latitudes; and yet it likes a southern exposure. This is one of our wild plants that improves by cultivation.

In these upland woods we shall find some of the fine wood sorrels, among which the violet-colored species (*Oxalis violacea*) is usually the most valued. There is a pretty large family of

WOOD SORREL (*Oxalis violacea*).



TRIENTALIS.

these sorrels, but the several species are very much alike, except in the color of the flowers. Its leaves are deeply cut into three equal rounded lobes, giving it much of the appearance of white clover. The flowers rise higher than the leaves, with bright scarlet or yellow or white petals. All of the species are remarkable for their sharp, sour, but not disagreeable taste, from which property the plant is named.

Here, too, may perhaps be found, in some sunny nook by the side of a great rock, or near the roots of some old oak, one or more specimens of the loveliest of our woodland favorites—the beautiful and delicate Orchis (*Orchis spectabilis*). It has graceful green leaves, not unlike those of the Lily of the Valley, which plant it also resembles in its size, color, and general appearance. Its small and fine pink-purplish flowerets are arranged in a single row on a spike, which is sheathed in the inner leaf. It is a plant of rare beauty, and altogether worthy of the cultivation to which it takes kindly.

If now we proceed a little farther into the thick woods we shall probably find some of the early blooming trees putting out their flowers. On these uplands the Dogwood (*Cornus florida*) may be seen with its broad, white flowers, two or three inches across, which, on closer examination, are found to inclose a whole cluster of small flowers, while what seems to be its petals are only an outside shield to the bunch of true flowers in the middle. The Dogwood is a showy tree all through the season; beginning with its gay flowers in early Spring, it carries its gracefully colored foliage through the Summer, and in the Fall both its foliage and fruit are among the gayest of the wood. Down nearer to the low ground may also be seen one of the most conspicuous flowering shrubs—itsself a small tree—of all those of this region, the Shad-bush, June-berry, or



ORCHIS SPECTABILIS.

Service-berry (*Amelanchier Canadensis*). It very early pushes out both its sharp serrated leaves and its long racemes of white flowers, hanging in graceful festoons and making altogether one of our finest flowering trees. And near here too we shall find the Azaleas, just now in bloom, at least one of its varieties, the Pinxter flower (*Azalea nudiflora*). It is a shrub two or three feet high, found all over the Middle States, with large and bright

flowers, having a very rich and delicious odor. These plants have a curious habit of changing some of their flower-buds into a green fleshy mass—sometimes as large as walnuts, with a fine white bloom—which are sometimes called May-apples, and may be eaten, as they have a pleasant acidulous taste. All the Azaleas



AZALEA VISCOSA.

flesh-colored flowers, which appear in great profusion before the leaves make their appearance. Another variety with flame-colored flowers abounds in the mountains of Pennsylvania, while in the swamps will be found, a little later in the season, the White Swamp Honeysuckle (*Azalea viscosa*), which is a rather taller shrub, with large white

flowers. It is a ghost-like, waxy thing, without bark, and semi-transparent; and yet it is as complete in all its parts as any flower you may see anywhere. It rises six inches high, with a few alternate leaves closely hugging the upright stem, which curves into a hook, and suspends a single perfectly formed bell-shaped flower.

submit readily to cultivation, and they make the finest kind of lawn shrubs.

Here, too, we may possibly find a specimen of a plant, less remarkable for either its beauty or fragrance, than for its unlikeness to nearly all else in the vegetable kingdom, and in some of its characteristics approaching closely to the funguses—the Indian Pipe (*Monotropa uni-*

Sometimes it is pale flesh-colored, which renders it even more ghastly than when colorless.

Going down towards the wet land we may expect to find the delicate little Spring Beauty (*Claytonia Virginica*) nestling in the dried grass and weeds, with its pale red flowers, its tender and half-prostrate stem, with two long lance-shaped leaves, all rising together from its bulbous roots. It belongs to the Portulacaceae family, and is not unlike the best known species of that plant, found in our garden, whether as cultivated flowers or as weeds.

Here, too, we shall find a flower whose really fine qualities, as in the case of the Dandelion, fail to be appreciated as they deserve, because of its commonness and abundance, the Cranebill (*Geranium maculatum*). It is a perennial, as are nearly all early flowering plants, springing up from roots that have lived through the Winter, a foot or more high, and branching freely. The leaves are deeply cut and veined; the flowers, which are abundant and rather showy, light purple, streaked and veined, make a flat disc an inch or more in diameter. After the petals have fallen off the pistil becomes greatly elongated with the seed lobes at its base, which suggests its name.

Coming still closer to the wet ground near the brook, we shall probably meet with one of the finest of our Spring flowers. Look out for the rounded mounds, made, perhaps, by the uprooting of some old forester, long since entirely decayed; for in such a spot you will perhaps find an early favorite, the Adder's Tongue, or Dog-tooth Violet (*Erythronium Americanum*). It may be found all the way from Florida to Canada, growing in damp, shady places, and not requiring a rich soil. It propagates itself by bulbs, and often spreads out into large beds covering the whole surface with its broad lance-shaped leaves. The leaves are green and mottled with dark spots, entitling it to a place among "foliage plants." Early in the Spring the



SPRING BEAUTY (*Claytonia Virginica*).

flower stems shoot up among and above the evergreen leaves, to the height of five or six inches, bearing a single nodding flower, with reversed petals an inch or more in length and of a bright golden yellow, sometimes, but rarely, slightly purple. It has a decidedly lily-like appearance, though not a lily, and it is seen to the best advantage only in bright, sunny weather.

This fine plant, though apparently among the wildest of our wild-flowers, submits very gracefully to cultivation, and if given a



proper place on the lawn, it will make due compensation for its room and attention, not only by its early and elegant flowers, which continue for two or three weeks, but also by its dense mass of mottled leaves, which remain through the whole year.

But we must pass by the Blue Violets, which peep out every-where in the thickets and among the grass; nor can we stop to examine the Marsh-marigolds (*Caltha palustris*),

variably found upon these plants, whence its name. Here, too, perhaps might be found the Dwarf Cornel (*Cornus Canadensis*), the least of the dog-wood family, yet well maintaining the original type. We will, however, pause long enough to pay our respects to an old acquaintance, Jack-in-the-pulpit (*Arum triphyllum*), called also the Indian Turnip. It is not much of a flower, if only a fine corolla is so accounted, for of that it has

none. In early Spring it rises from its root bulb, the Indian turnip, with a stout, fleshy stem, to the height of a foot or more, with two or three sheathing leaves, which part into three pale-green and ribbed leaflets. The flower consists of a tubular sheath, inclosing an upright spike, and curving forward over its own orifice, like the sounding board of an old-fashioned pulpit. The true flowers, which are numerous and very small, are around the inclosed spike; and later in the season these gives place to a cluster of bright, red berries. It is a curious and not uninteresting plant, hardy, and not especially delicate.

In quitting these haunts of our favorites we must part company with them, for they will not consent to be removed from their native places. They are, indeed, the real hamadryads, the children of the groves, that may be wooed only in their native wilds. They resist the touch of the ravisher, and wither and die if torn from their



CRANEBILL.

seen in the pools near to the brook; nor yet the Trilliums (*Wake Robins*), with their red and white recurved little flowers, hidden under the three smooth and broad leaves, in-

places. They are nature's jewels, and so they lose their luster if removed from their original settings. To the stranger that sees them for the first time, the immediate im-



ADDER'S TONGUE.

pulse is to seize them and bear them away as trophies; but to them who have come into real communion with the children of the sunshine and spirits of the air, to violate their sanctuary seems little less than impiety. Very few of our wild flowers, and especially those of early Spring, can be made to do service in a bouquet. The arbutus, and the azaleas, because they grow upon

woody stems, are less sensitive than are those whose delicate petioles spring directly from the roots, and which have all the extreme delicacy of their flowers. We must, therefore, content ourselves for the present with what we have seen, and await another opportunity to visit them in their hiding places, and if we come again, although only after a few short days, these that we have now seen will have nearly all departed, to be succeeded by others, less

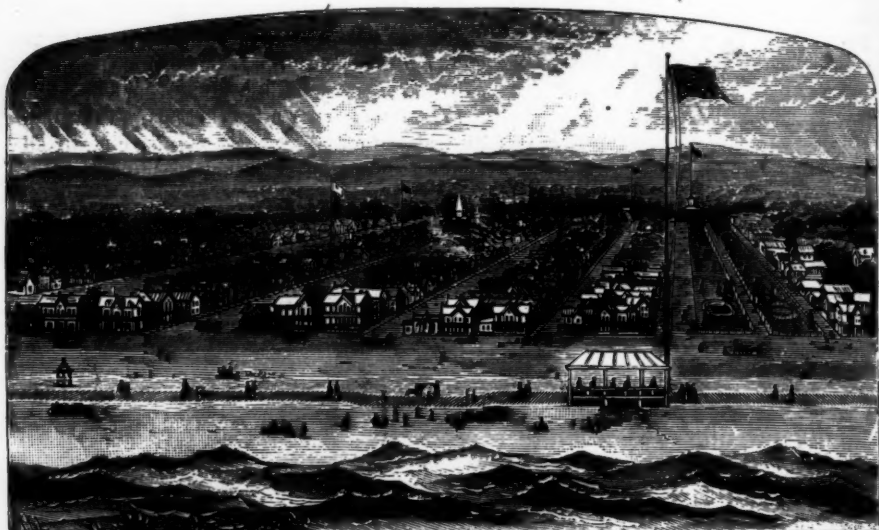


INDIAN TURNIP (*Arisaema triphyllum*).

delicate, but even more brilliant. These are, indeed, only the harbingers of the coming hosts that accompany the flower-bearing May, who themselves give place to those of June.

## OCEAN GROVE.

THE CHRISTIAN SEASIDE RESORT AND CAMP-MEETING GROUND.



VIEW OF OCEAN GROVE FROM THE SEA.



OCEAN life, while full of rough realities, has, nevertheless, charms which equal the highest romance. From the days of the *Half Moon*, under Hendrick Hudson, and the venerated and divinely guided *May Flower*, to the present, there is scarcely a vessel that reaches or leaves our shores, or a foot of ocean beach, without a history so full of the heroic and marvelous, that the hearts of both old and young are thrilled by their recital.

Of such events the New Jersey coast, which constitutes the western boundary of the Atlantic Ocean for more than a hundred miles, has had its full share. Upon its long and lonely beaches many a noble vessel has been wrecked, and precious lives and golden treasure have been lost. Pirates, too, in the early times, resorted to its dreary solitudes for protection; and tradition points out places where the notorious Captain Kidd, pursued by ocean detectives, came with his comrades, and, under cover of darkness, with mysterious signs and silence, buried their ill-gotten gains. The whole region was propitious for such a purpose. There were no inhabitants save here and there, along the bay shores, where fish and oysters were abundant, a few broken tribes of Indians, as wild and weird as the scenery around them.

Even Long Branch, which has gained for itself a well-merited popularity, is comparatively of recent date. It has had a rapid growth, however, and is now one of the most celebrated watering places in the land. But, though this locality has been the resort of wealth and fashion for nearly, if not quite, a half-century, the whole region only a few miles below was, until recently, as wild and uncultivated as it could have been hundreds of years ago. It is here, however, six miles south of Long Branch, and two north of Shark

River, Monmouth County, New Jersey, that Ocean Grove, the Christian sea-side resort and camp-meeting ground, is located.

As this enterprise is in no sense a speculation on the part of those who originated it, its origin and design need an explanation. Far back in the history of the past, indeed, from the beginning, rest from the wear and tear of life has been a necessity. Human nature can not endure uninterrupted toil. In the earlier ages life was simpler, and the habits of men such as to afford somewhat of the needed rest in the rural pursuits furnished from day to day. But as time rolled on, and a higher type of civilization prevailed, brain and nerve were taxed to the last degree by these refinements, until the physical system was often prostrated and the mind imperiled.

In our own land, and during the last half-century, trade has grown to vast proportions, so that from the merchant prince to the vendor of the smallest wares—the newsboy and boot-black—each and all find competitors which seem to say with a voice almost omnipotent, “thus far but no farther;” while he whose mission is to deal chiefly with the intellect and heart—the statesman in the halls of legislation, the orator on the platform, the minister in the pulpit, the scientist in his investigations, the author at his table—to meet the heavy strain made upon him by an increasingly intellectual age, finds himself worn until brain and muscle both cry out with a voice that takes no denial, *Rest!* The haggard brow, the tottering steps, the irritated nerves, the sudden paralysis, the multiplying subjects of the insane asylum—all cry, *Overwork!* These truths are of gen-

eral application, and their force and magnitude daily increase.

Years ago the citizen said, “What shall we do for relief?” Spend a few weeks or a month with a friend in the country was among the things suggested. But as the population increased, there were more needing such places than there were places to be had, to say nothing of the burden that such an arrangement imposed upon the country housewife. Then Summer resorts sprang up to meet a felt want. The mountains, seashore, valleys, glens, cataracts, sulphur springs, and river-sides were sought out, and soon became centers of attraction. Cape May and the Catskills are among our first

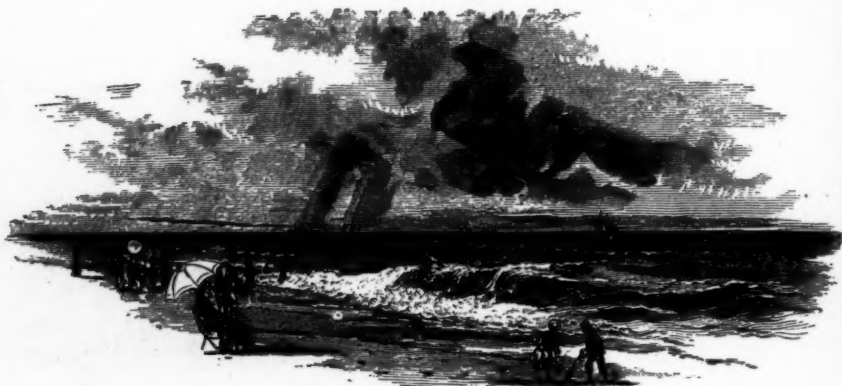


RESIDENCE OF GEORGE J. HAMILTON, OCEAN GROVE.

remembrances. These all had their adherents, and served their purpose, and do so still. But there was another element of society increasing and becoming more and more powerful every day, yet unprovided for. It was the religious element. For a long while, and by many it was thought that to become a Christian was to ignore almost every thing but the Bible, prayer, and absolute seclusion. A better education,

however, revealed the fact that a man might be a Christian, and yet, in a proper and religious sense, enjoy all that was really good upon the earth; indeed, that the religious man is the only one who in the highest and truest sense, enjoys the world. This class, like other men, were worn with the toils of professional and business life; their nerves and brain needed rest like others, and they said, "We want to enjoy the sea and the air and the bathing and the fishing—the sea and the air are God's works, and for us—and

that fact alone. Religion and recreation should go hand in hand. Separate them, and religion grows morose, and recreation will soon become sinful. Blended, both are beautiful. The first crude thought was to find somewhere along the coast a little plot of ground where a few might get the privilege of pitching their tents for a while in the Summer, where they could enjoy themselves, having such services intermingled as convenience or inclination might suggest. But it was a long while before the crude thought



SURF SCENE.

we need them. Can we not have them free from the dissipations and follies of fashionable watering-places, and at a cost within our means?" These were important questions, and were asked by thousands. To these men the fashionable watering-places had no attractions—neither the society nor employments were congenial. The cost, too, was more than their incomes in many cases would allow. They wanted to rest and recreate—to fish, to sail, to bathe, to walk along the surf, to admire the sublime and beautiful on the calm or stormy sea, to inhale the ocean air—to enjoy from year to year all that nature had in store for them, but all to be subordinate to morality and religion. This they desired because they knew that all recreation, or so-called pleasure, divorced from religion, would degenerate into absolute sin, and instead of being rest, would prove exhausting labor. Not only should all pleasure be subordinate to religion, but pleasure taken thus is a thousand times sweeter from

gathered sufficient strength to assume a definite shape.

Finally, after a thorough exploration of the New Jersey coast, the grounds now occupied, having beautiful fresh water lakes on either side, an extended grove, and a splendid ocean front, were selected as well adapted to the end desired. On the day of our first visit nothing could have been more unsightly. After leaving the open country all was an unbroken solitude. A serpentine and heavy sand road, wide enough for only a single wagon track, was all that penetrated the forest. Crossing Long Pond, now Wesley Lake, and turning into the thicket just where the entrance gates now are, at the head of Main Avenue, our driver stood in the front of his carriage and lifted the limbs so as to crowd our conveyance through the brush and drooping boughs of the trees. It was a dark, dreary, drizzly day. The sands hedged us in like petrified billows of the sea. Outside of these banks were knolls and de-



pressions, covered with long beach grass, the picture of desolation; while the sea moaned in the distance as if in unutterable sorrow that it had been doomed for long ages to wash the shore of a land so utterly destitute of every attraction. The grove was a tangled wild-wood, where briars scratched and bushes tore. The heavens were black, the grass wet, and the sands were very deep. But rough and unsightly as it was, there were possibilities for the highest improvements, and it was soon determined to purchase a few acres of this land lying in the grove, immediately along the northern lake, and enough beach land to give a free passage to the sea: and here, in this small compass, a few proposed, in the simplest and most unostentatious way, to assemble from year to year, and enjoy their Summer rest in bathing, fishing, worshipping, or sauntering socially along the shore, free from the heavy cares which were resting upon them—welcoming from the immediate neighborhood such as might choose to join them in their simple service by the sea. It was no speculation; no scheme for raising money; no device of any kind; but simply and singly social, recreative, and religious. They wanted to obtain rest, and while so doing, have their own minds more fully imbued with the spirit of Christ, and, if possible, lead others to the foot of the cross.

When the Summer came, eight or ten families encamped along the shore of the lake, as pioneers of the undertaking, and daily enjoyed quietude and rest beneath the forest shade, or took their peaceful walks along the margin of the sea. After three or four days thus spent, one of the company, a lady, proposed that an evening should be devoted to a prayer-meeting,

"Yes; but where shall we have it?"

"In my tent," was the quick reply.

"It is well;" was the general response.

"Let us have a prayer-meeting."

Then the preparations for the meeting commenced. Seats were extemporized, and the candles lit. Soon, all were engaged in worship. It was the first meeting ever held amid these solitudes. "The presiding elder led in a prayer of unction and power. He

took hold of the eternal throne. All hearts were drawn into the exercise, invoking divine aid in this new enterprise. The tokens of divine presence were unmistakable and glorious. The heavens were bent in gracious manifestations. As the pleading man of God grew vehement in the request that we 'might have a single eye,' there was a deep and thrilling response to every utterance."

Then with an emphasis not to be forgotten, the elder said:

"I feel, in view of the undertaking before us, like quoting the first verse of the inspired Word,"



stopping in the middle; and then he added, "*Lo, God is here—here in the beginning, and, I trust, will be in the continuance, to the end.*"

The divine seal was on the work, and the history of the week was comprehensively and truthfully written in the expressive sentence that fell from the elder's lips, "*In the beginning God.*"

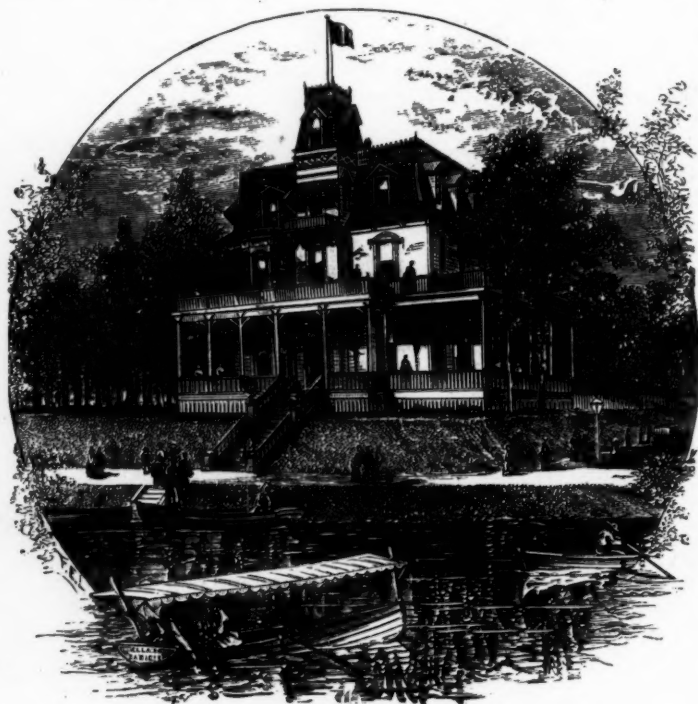
As their plans became known others wished to unite with them, and they were earnestly desired so to extend their enterprise as to include all who sought similar relief from the heavy cares of professional or business life. Yielding to this request, a meeting was held on the 22d of December, 1869, in the Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, Trenton, New Jersey, and an association, consisting of thirteen ministers and thirteen laymen was formed, and a charter soon after obtained from the New Jersey Legislature, under the title, "The Ocean Grove Camp-meeting Association of the Methodist Episcopal Church."

Thus inaugurated, it soon became necessary to make other purchases, until the lands now owned by the Association amount to between three and four hundred acres. The large proportion of these grounds were immediately laid out, with avenues from sixty to three hundred feet wide, and lots were disposed of with great rapidity. The proceeds from the sale of these lots, and from

Flowers, too, have taken the place of the long, coarse beach grass, and while their beauties attract the eye, delicious odors permeate the air. Nearly five hundred cottages, besides a score and a half of large boarding-houses, have been erected, while the increase is both constant and rapid. There are, also, stores, post-office, telegraph-office, engine house, and a great variety of other buildings,

including a fine church for the settled population.

Among this large number of buildings there is every variety of architecture and style. Some are small and plain, costing but a few hundred dollars, so that those of small means can enjoy the benefits and blessings of the sea, while others are large and imposing structures, with every convenience and comfort that wealth can procure.



RESIDENCE OF PROFESSOR CHARLES W. SANDERS, OCEAN GROVE.

all other sources, are rigidly applied to meet the current expenses and general improvement of the place.

By these methods, in the short space of eight years, the most marvelous changes have been wrought. It is no longer a waste and barren sand desert or tangled wild-wood, but a bright and fair young city by the sea. The knolls and depressions have been leveled, and the avenues graded and graveled, so that where the traveler sunk, almost overpowered by the heavy sands, there are now hard, smooth walks or drives on every side.

The improvements outside of the gates, at Asbury Park and along the coast to Ocean Beach, Spring Lake, Sea Girt and Squan, are also vast and beautiful. Instead of the solitude that prevailed here, only a few years ago, friend greets friend at the turn of every avenue, and the President states, in his last annual report, that the number of tickets sold to and from the Ocean Grove and Asbury Park Depot, for the Summer of 1877, was seven hundred and ten thousand, while those entering the grounds by their own conveyances were not less than twenty-five or

thirty thousand. Among these multitudes, are found persons from every State in the Union, the Canadas, and from almost every nation on the globe, while those of all social

fresh water, less than a mile long, and not quite a hundred yards wide, the northern boundary of Ocean Grove, is lined on either side with beautiful cottages, and through



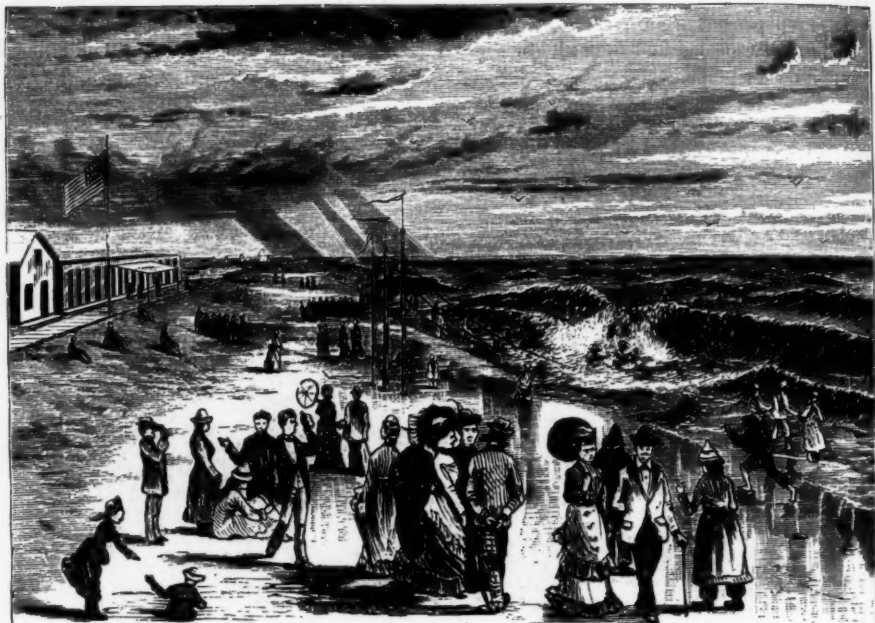
WESLEY LAKE.

and official positions—from the President of the United States, members of the British Parliament, United States Senators, and representatives in Congress, governors, judges generals, and high State functionaries of every grade, down to the humblest sons of toil, with all the varying sentiments of religious creeds, mingle together in God's holy worship, or alike enjoy the inspiring breezes of the Summer sea. And yet, among these throngs, so vast and divergent, there is not only no confusion, but every-where the most perfect and continued harmony. The police regulation and general restrictions of the place are oppressive to none but the rude, and as intoxicating liquors are not sold within the circle of a mile, the cases of disorder are but few.

Wesley Lake, a sprightly little sheet of  
Vol. III.—26

almost the entire season is a brilliant and animated scene. Several hundred boats, filled with happy children, and their no less happy parents or friends, glide in every direction, and the whole is more like fairy-land than real life.

But it is in the evenings, when the sunset is flushing the waters, that the real boating of Ocean Grove takes place. From seven to nine o'clock the lake is literally alive with craft. From both sides of the water, starting out from all conceivable docks and landings, all kinds of vessels, from the tiniest shell to a fair-sized wherry—all sorts of



BATHING SCENE.

crews, from a single boy or girl to a crowd of ladies and gentlemen, all laughing and chattering, voices ringing out in the soft, moist air, and harmonizing sweetly with the departing sunset and the advancing evening, the long line of lights on either side of the shore, flashing on each merry party as they pass,—all these, with hundreds of other sources of enjoyment, combine with the boating at Ocean Grove, until, at last, the night shuts down upon them, and, worn with the full tides of their innocent joy, they sink to rest simply to gain strength to renew these pleasures on the coming day.

The ocean, too, is a perpetual joy. The bathing hour is full of exhilaration. The surf lubricates the joints like oil; grave men and dignified women, from the very inspiration of necessity, sport like boys and girls at recess. People, who would be shocked at home over the slightest departure from conventional proprieties, spatter each other with the most exuberant good-will. Sometime a "wise and reverend head" will be pushed down under the waters

by another head as wise and reverend as itself. A moment, and it emerges, overflowing with fun and laughter, and a desperate plunge places the other sportive combatant where he was before. The little children chase each other through the white foam of the sanded shores, rolling over each other, in the utter abandonment of delight. Young men and maidens, forgetting how far society keeps them apart, dash in together in entire indifference of what society may think. Then, when the multitude come out of the water! The apparel does not cling to the form in exactly the shapes which outline the gracefulness of beauty; but no one cares for that, and they only laugh the more at the appearance of each other. The laughter is "catching," and the veriest trifles excite fresh peals of merriment. Chattering, pushing, scattering sand over each other, in the flush of a full life, their way is wended to the bath-houses, where the transformation from the nondescripts who enter, to the elegant ladies and gentlemen who return, is completed. Then the table-keeper can ap-

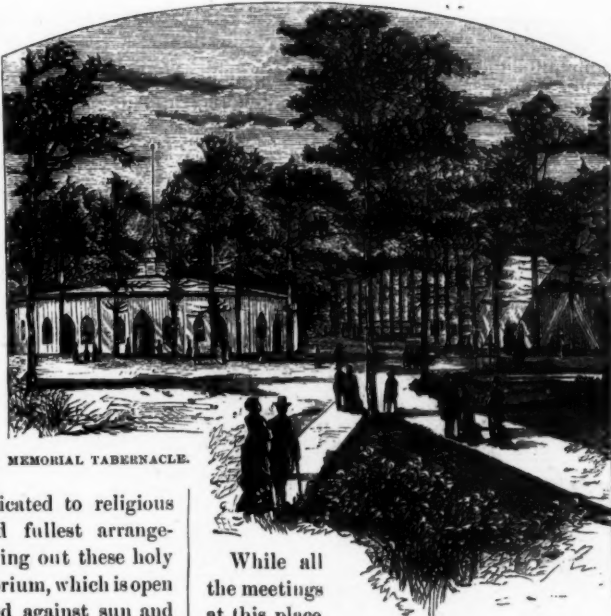


preciate them! Then the delicious sleep which follows! Then the sense of health which waits on solid sleep! Then the pleasure with which the wakening call of the morning sunlight is received! Purer and healthier every hour under the process, and a few days sends the bather from Ocean Grove invigorated into a new sense of delicious life.

As this association has for its basal thought the higher experiences of the Christian life, and as these grounds are dedicated to religious worship, the largest and fullest arrangements are made for carrying out these holy purposes. The large auditorium, which is open on all sides, though roofed against sun and rain, and furnished with park settees, capable of seating nearly three thousand persons, and the Bishop Janes Memorial Tabernacle, holding one thousand more, are both in the edge of the Grove, five hundred yards from the sea, and persons sitting in either place behold vessels of different kinds passing up and down the coast. Services, varying in character, including an annual camp-meeting of high order, are held through all the Summer months. These, while entirely under the direction of the Methodist Episcopal Church through the Association, are, nevertheless, of the broadest catholicity, and all the evangelical denominations enter into their spirit, and cheerfully take part. The development of the largest possibilities of the religious life is the constant aim of these meetings, while the social element has the best opportunity for its purest exercise.

Beside the Sea the wondering people stood,  
Or sat, or bowed, devotion's earnest throng;  
The spirit, lost in worship's attitude,  
Mingled its praises with the billow's song.

O widening sea! O ever heaving flood!  
Here on thy margin, where the surges roar,  
Thy people rise to thee, O blessed God—  
They weep, they worship, triumph and adore.



MEMORIAL TABERNACLE.

While all  
the meetings  
at this place

are largely attended, yet among the most popular of the services held at Ocean Grove are those denominated the surf-meetings. They are held at the foot of Ocean Pathway, one of the most magnificent avenues in the land; and come at a time when both body and mind are prepared for repose. They seem to combine all of the spiritual sentiment which can be derived from natural religion and the most fervid appreciation of the atonement. The broad ocean, telling of God the Creator, and urging his worship in its surf-song, speaks to an assembly who have just left the altar worship of God the Redeemer. Nature and grace assert that there is no antagonism between them, but that both shall bend knees together in God's worship. There is a religious enjoyment in this far beyond what is usual either in religious or sentimental experience. The blended ideas exhilarate the whole religious element of one's being. The natural and the spiritual come together in a manner which gives the best of both. The enjoyment makes us wonder that men do so much worshipping in costly temples, when the groves and sea-side are open. No





SURF MEETING.

temple can be made that will suggest eternity as will the sea, and nothing will tell the insignificance of time as will the little strips of land which line it, while the roar of the surf is speaking constantly of departure. The people gather to this spot by thousands. Then there is a song of praise, in which every voice joins, rising and swelling upon the evening air in a grand diapason which makes the usual "church singing" appear, as it often is, the most *effete* of all the services of religion.

Then the sunset gates of the sky roll back their bars of gold in such a way as almost to leave the impression that the "Gates Ajar" were something more than a poetic fancy, and that the angels had drawn back those golden bolts to listen to the song.

The Sabbaths at Ocean Grove in many respects are so unlike those of any other place that we feel sometimes as if they had descended to us from the primeval state. All business is suspended—all discordant sounds hushed. Not a horse or a vehicle of any kind appears in the streets; the milkman's

bell, and the clatter of bakers' wagons are not heard, the newsboy's voice is still, and the barbers' saloons are closed. The sun shines with a soft, mellow light, the winds are in a whisper, the trees are either silent and motionless or speak together in such low tones that they make only a soft lullaby to the soul. The waters of the lake sleep in tranquil beauty in the holy light, while hundreds of boats which but yesterday crossed and recrossed each other in their miniature excursions, are moored along the peaceful shore. Tent, cottage, boarding-house, grove, and beach are all vocal with Jehovah's praise. Thousands join in the service. Sunny-faced childhood and furrowed cheeks, alike forgetting their youth or years, join in the songs with holy gladness, while heaven bends to listen to the strains.

The healthfulness of this locality needs no better evidence than the utterly careless manner in which the people violate the ordinary rules of hygiene and moderation. They apparel themselves with little or no regard to the health rules, which they deem

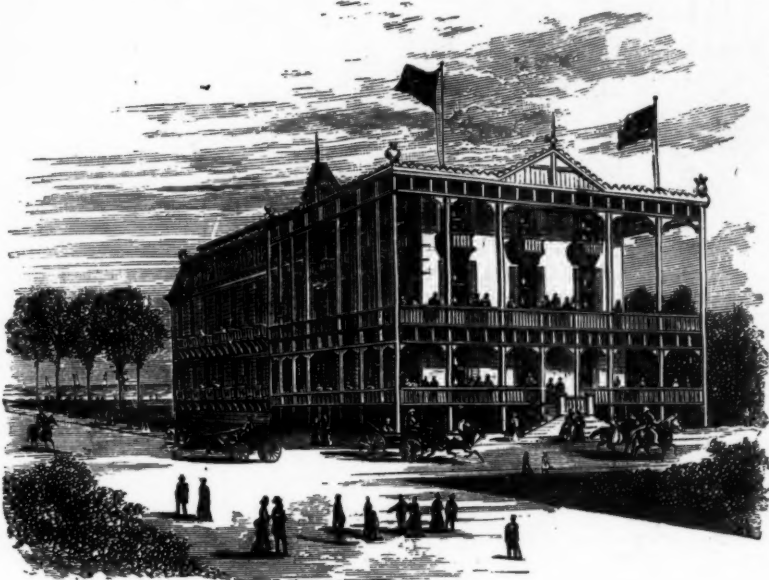
essential at home, and eat, drink, and sleep in about the same way. Still, there is little or no sickness here; and there must be a wonderful sanitary power in the woods and waves to induce the uninterrupted health which reigns at this place. The water, which is of the purest character, is obtained by means of tube pumps, driven twenty or thirty feet through the gravel, and is inexhaustible.

The railroad which comes directly to the gates, connects with all parts of the country, and the trains arrive and depart many times

hire a tent, and board at the restaurants and boarding-houses; then the cost will be according to the style of the place where you may eat.

A pleasant method is for a company of eight or ten, more or less, to hire a tent or cottage for sitting and sleeping purposes, and eat at the public tables. The cost of the tent or cottage furnished, divided, makes it light for each, and the expenses of board will not be heavy.

Few things excel the interest that gathers around tent life by the sea. Many prefer it



THE ARLINGTON HOUSE.

a day. There are also telegraphic communications with every point. Every thing needed for a first-class Summer resort, free from the dissipation of fashionable life, and at moderate cost, can here be found. The question is often asked, "What does it cost to live at Ocean Grove?" The answer is "whatever you choose to make it." If you hire a tent or cottage, and board yourself, all needed supplies can be had as cheaply here as at other places, and some of them even cheaper, so that the expense of living may be very low, lower even than at home, or higher, as you may elect. Or you may

to the cottage or boarding-house, and there are those who encamp of choice from year to year, within a few hundred yards of rolling surf. The perpetual roar of the billows and the sweep of the Summer tempest are to them an inspiration which starts the sluggish blood with new and bounding life out to the extremities, until the whole being is endowed with redoubled power, and the heart throbs with delicious joy. Last year there were over six hundred of these canvas tabernacles erected; some out on the sunny beach, where the cool breath of ocean fans them every hour, both day and night; others



TENT LIFE.

near the meetings, in the shaded grove; while others still are away in some cozy nook, where they can muse with nature and be alone. At first thought, the fact that there is only the separation of a piece of canvas between one's self and the outer world, is startling. All the little privacies of home life are only protected by that slender medium. It appears as if a good strong gust of wind would lift it bodily away from its occupants, and leave them gasping in shivering wonder over the disaster. But the ropes are strong, the stakes are solid, the canvas tight, and the occupants are soon as thoroughly at home in their feelings as they were aforetime in the pleasant city home; and often, after a night of storm, friends who had rested in their substantial cottages, coming to commiserate them in what they supposed would be their discomforts, find to their surprise that the dwellers in tents are not only cheerful and happy, but cozy and dry. The *one* room of their canvas home, at first supposed to be too small even for *one*, is soon divided by ingenious contrivances of sheets and fancy blankets, into four or five. The

rough board floor is covered with a superannuated carpet, which had gone through its acceptability in the circuit of the family rooms, and now could only be presentable in the "pines." The bedsteads, made usually of rough boards also, and in a class of manufactures which as yet has no commercial name, are gracefully trimmed and valanced, and assume an appearance of elegance rather than repulsiveness. The eyes of luxury look shudderingly upon the coarse straw which is to form the basis of the bed, but the blankets and sheets which cover it soon make it invit-

ing to the most fastidious taste. Then the "trunks," which had puzzled the brains of all the party as to where they could be put, naturally fall into place, and do duty as sofas. The "box" in which the scanty furniture was brought, and for which there seemed no place at all, shoves into a corner for a closet, with the boards of the top for shelves. What is now its top is covered over with a piece of muslin, and answers admirably for a toilet stand; while pinned above it, in some way only known to the instincts of women, is the little looking-glass, whose small though truthful face is to assure the family of presentability.

The poles from ridge to ground are put to immediate use for the acrobatic performances of the boys, in which they are slyly aided and abetted by the girls, whose strong enjoyment of physical life is just beginning to be controlled by the sense of advancing young ladyhood. And now comes the comfort. The work of the household is done up in the briefest possible time, and the ladies have leisure for the meetings, the strolling, the bathing, the every thing which makes

up the interest and variety of a life in the woods. The free ventilation, the crowds of company with the strictest privacy, the absence of labor in the care of large amounts of furniture, the sense of recuperating health, the joyousness of the children, the consciousness that "moving" is only an affair of an

hour, the abandonment of the constraints of fashion,—all these combine to make tent life at Ocean Grove among the purest enjoyments of the place; while over all there is an influence, a covering and beauty, like the ancient pillars of cloud and flame, the symbols of an ever present God.

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ASHES OF PALMS.

PALMS for the Victor, waving palms,  
And songs of praise, with tuneful psalms,  
And glad hosannas joyful sing  
To him who comes our Savior King.

Save now, O Lord; with glad acclaim  
Thy people hail the holy name  
Of David's Son, Immanuel,  
Who condescends with men to dwell.

O blessed Lord! O Prince of Peace!  
Thy kingdom come and never cease.  
Hosannas raise in joyful psalm,  
Lift high the Conqueror's waving palm.

Prince of this world, and demons, lo! your hour,  
Your bitter hour of mocking hate is come;  
In wilderness of beasts your demon power  
Strikes anguish to the soul with sorrow dumb.

Darkness and bitterness of woe, and sense  
Of fearsome ill, appal the waiting heart.  
'Gainst God's decrees not e'en Omnipotence  
May interpose to stay the tempter's dart.

Lo! in this bitter hour, ascriptive psalms  
Change into mournful wailings. All unsaid  
Are glad hosannas, while the waving palms  
Are dull, cold ashes, passionless and dead.

On Calvary's cross outstretched the Sufferer hangs—  
Strange fitness have the palms' dead ashes now—  
We trusted this was Israel's King. Death's pangs  
Are ours as his. Ashes on every brow.

O blessed ashes of our holiest palms,  
What mystic meaning sweet the symbol brings!  
Through death to life—through pain to healing balms—  
Through Lenten fasts to angel ministrings.

## VICTOR EMMANUEL—"THE BRAVE KING."



"THE Brave King"—*il re galantuomo*—is the popular title by which the people of Italy have been in the habit of designating their late sovereign, because of his personal bravery in the battles whose success gave them a United Italy under an Italian king, for which they had so long and anxiously sighed. His recent death at a critical juncture of their national history was very unexpected, as he seemed to be in the plenitude of his power as he was in the

prime of his life, with a stalwart body and an iron constitution that promised yet a long career.

Born in 1820, Victor Emmanuel having received a scientific and military education, in his twenty-second year married the Archduchess Adelaide of the House of Austria, and entered public life with the eventful campaign of 1848. In the battle of Goito he received a ball in the thigh, and on the evening of the last battle of Navarro he became



king through the abdication of his despairing father, Charles Albert of Sardinia. He was immediately involved in the most difficult relations; he was in the face of a victorious enemy, in the midst of monarchical states that suspected him on account of the liberal principles of his family, and surrounded by a population that doubted him on account of his marriage with an Austrian princess. But slowly and quietly, by reforms in the army and the finances, by the choice of such ministers as Azeglio and Cavour, through a liberal yet conservative policy, the young king succeeded in raising the fallen reputation and the power of his country. The first great act of his policy was his participation in the alliance against Russia in the treaty of April, 1855. A result of this was the Sardinian army led by Lamarmora to the Crimea. At a later period he visited the courts of Paris and London, and succeeded by the marriage of his daughter Clotilde with the Prince Napoleon in uniting the family interests of the dynasties of France and Savoy.

Victor Emmanuel, by a strange series of events, became suddenly king, and at the period when the Austrian rule in Lombardy was so supremely detested that the Italians found it hard to treat their conquerors with official, to say nothing of social, respect. The public pulse was then in so irritable a condition that the Austrians found it necessary to maintain large garrisons in all the principal cities. This sullen rebellion was shown in various ways, so that the soldiers on guard could continually see offensive demonstrations that they could do nothing to suppress, though felt very keenly; and both the civil and military officers were the victims of a sort of social ostracism. But this sentiment of hatred and disgust on the very frontier between Austria and Italy was greatly intensified in the interior, and seemed to reach its climax in Milan. Here one might see all the phases of hatred that an oppressed people may bring to the surface to torment their persecutors. The Austrian officers, both civil and military, were a genial and cultivated body of men, and delightful companions and friends in

the social circle, and they would have gladly been on the best of terms with the Italians, but the latter would not.

This bitter feeling seethed and boiled so fiercely in Lombardy as to encourage Charles Albert of Piedmont to attempt to annex Lombardy to his own little kingdom. He accordingly led his army into that province with his son Victor in charge of a brigade, which he managed with great skill and boldness. During this short war he was wounded before he retired. In the following year the struggle was resumed, but ended disastrously in the battle of Novara, when Charles Albert abdicated immediately after defeat, and placed the burden of settling with the Austrians on the shoulders of his son. This the latter could do more easily than his father, because he had married Princess Adelaide, of the house of Austria, and in the unfortunate battle had displayed great valor.

As king and the founder of Italian unity Victor Emmanuel was one of the most popular monarchs of all periods. He was not a genius, but he possessed in the highest measure those qualities which more, perhaps, than a gift in any special direction, make a perfect ruler; namely, great energy of action, and a just judgment in the choice of his ministers and the highest officers of State. The liberals of Europe always gave him the credit of being the truest of all the monarchs to the constitution of his country. And the fact that Italy, though but twenty years ago so torn and disintegrated, is to-day a united and comparatively a quiet kingdom, and one recognized as an equal among the great powers, is due in no small degree to his bearing and his moderation. And her present condition is the more striking when compared with France, for centuries so favored in external circumstances, and still so lacerated by internal strife.

In the campaign of 1859 he, with his young son Humbert,—now king,—took part in person, and gave proofs of extraordinary bravery. Now, however, came the difficult period in which bravery and firmness alone do not suffice. When Tuscany, Parma, Modena, and the Romagna declared their adherence to Savoy; when Garibaldi conquered

a kingdom for his ruler, this was in the eyes of the conservative monarchs of Europe a revolutionary proceeding, and by the most liberal of his subjects it was regarded as reactionary. He was literally between two fires. It was the greatest merit of Victor Emmanuel's life that in this dilemma he proved master of the situation; for then he had no Cavour at his side. But Italy has always had good diplomatists; and a good share of those apparently easy successes that seemed to fall into the lap of young Italy are due to the prudence and gift of quiet observation on the part of both diplomatists and king.

On engaging in that campaign Napoleon the Third declared that it was to make Italy free from the Alps to the Adriatic. But he stopped suddenly, and signed the peace of Villafranca, the cause of which remains a mystery to this day. The act itself weighed heavily on the subsequent policy of Italy toward France, and Napoleon himself lived long enough to feel it sorely when Italy refused to join him in his fatal raid on Germany. But when the war had given Lombardy to Piedmont, peace itself took possession of Tuscany, Modena, Parma, etc., and the movement for Italian unity spread all over Northern and Central Italy. Then came Garibaldi with his bold expedition to Naples, disavowed officially, but secretly sustained by the astute Cavour; the end of which was the annexation of Naples to Italy, when, in 1861, Cavour caused Victor Emmanuel to be proclaimed by the Italian Senate King of Italy, by which title he had already been saluted by Garibaldi upon his return from his triumphal campaign. One month after this Cavour died—of course, as the Church was ready to declare, by the visitation of Providence. But yet, the work was not complete. Venice and the States of the Church were needed to complete Italian unity. Venice soon came, almost by the force of gravity; but Rome stayed out, simply on account of the interference of France in sustaining the claim of the Pope. Impatient Garibaldi struck on his own account as in Naples. He was wounded, taken prisoner, and condemned; but pardoned by the king,

whose only censure on the great hero was that he acted as a soldier but not as a diplomatist.

Victor Emmanuel as a matter of policy, by the advice of Cavour, allied himself with France and England in the war of the Crimea, and sent thither a contingent of some seventeen thousand men, under one of their first military leaders; and the successful issue of that war immediately raised Italy into the rank of the leading powers, and gave her a seat in their councils. Subsequently, the king made a journey to France and England, which was a most triumphal tour, and returned to his own home with a greater degree of confidence and respect. The Italians learned that they too had a king; though the change was so sudden and so great that they could scarcely realize the fact that the dream of Italian unity had not only become a reality, but that the new land had sprung forth fully armed from birth. The marriage of his daughter Clotilde with the Prince Napoleon was a wise stroke of policy, since it allied him with the French Empire, and secured him that assistance with France that enabled him, in 1859, to throw off the Austrian yoke.

In February, 1861, he assumed the title of King of Italy. In 1865 the capital was transferred to Florence, and in 1866 Venice fell into the hands of the Italians, shortly after which the king made his triumphal entry into that city. In the Franco-German war of 1870, he felt himself drawn to France by gratitude and personal considerations; but he followed the counsel of his ministers, who then saw the ruin of their country in an adherence to France. The Germans always maintained a high regard for him as an ally and a personal friend of the emperor. His last years were devoted to the solution of financial difficulties and the settlement of internal conflicts, as well as to the great effort of gaining for Italy the status of a first-class power. In his domestic life he seemed burdened with sorrow—mother, wife, brother, and youngest child died in quick succession, and his second son was so unfortunate on the throne of Spain that he voluntarily withdrew.

The army idolized him, and not only bestowed on him the proud title of *re galant-nomo*, by which he was universally known, but the choice corps elected him as their corporal, as this body had traditionally done for years the bravest man in all the army; and the proudest present that Victor Emmanuel ever received was a full uniform of his corporalship, in which he liked to appear at times in social circles of friends. But for the crisis, which just then needed a statesman as well as soldier, he seemed less fitted until circumstances proved that by diplomacy he was able to make acceptable terms with Austria, so that he could at least begin his career as king. His strong points in this position were his honesty and patriotism, sustained by a good fund of rough common sense. Having chosen the right men to be at his side, he did not meddle with nor hamper them. Most kings would have crushed a Cavour, but Victor saw that he was to be the brain of the great movement for a reunited Italy, and therefore encouraged him in a position for which Providence had fitted him.

Most soldier-kings would have been jealous of such a subject as Garibaldi; but Victor Emmanuel honored him as the sword of Italy, and only interfered when that sword seemed guided by misplaced enthusiasm. Thus the king was gallant and honest, and in thorough sympathy with his people because he was one of them rather than one placed over them. It was no pleasure to Victor Emmanuel that petty sovereigns all over Italy must fall that he might rise; but he simply accepted the only conditions by which Italy could rise from its disintegration and ruins, and become one great, united country. And it was only with such a broad-hearted monarch that men like Cavour and Garibaldi could do their peculiar work of raising up Italy from its deep degradation.

Probably the most painful task of Victor Emmanuel's life was his conflict with the Church and the Holy Pontiff. He tried in every way to avoid a battle with the Church, within the possibility of having a free Church in a free State. He withheld Garibaldi's hand when the latter was

inclined to strike too harshly at the gates of Rome, and bid him await a more fitting season, which was sure to come in a more fitting and lasting way. When the Pontiff hurled the major excommunication at the king, the latter declared his sorrow rather than his wrath, and was willing to do any thing in reason to bring about a compromise that would enable both powers to live together in Rome, each supreme in its own domain. As a king it was a triumph for Victor Emmanuel to make Rome his capital; but personally it was a trial and a sacrifice. This might have been otherwise had the Church been willing to be Italian first and Catholic afterwards.

It is probable that the stubborn prelate knew all this before his own death, and he may well have feared the incoming king, who will have no such scruples of kindness regarding the Pontiff as had the father. The Pope was so well aware of this that he pardoned all at last, and permitted the king without retracting a word or deed, to die in the bosom of the Church.

Even France, that has felt so cool toward him on account of the German alliance, now acknowledges that Victor Emmanuel was in reality a friend to liberal France, and would never enter the arena against her. France knows that his death is a grave event for her, because, while he was the power that brought forth and the bond that held together Italian unity, he was also the moderator of the men of hasty and revolutionary action.

He submitted to be excommunicated, and accepted it in good part—not that he did not care, for it troubled him till the close of his life, but because he was willing to suffer for the sake of uniting Italy into one great and glorious country. But it is extremely doubtful whether King Humbert will submit to the indignities that were heaped on his father. The son is opposed to the present sullen position of the Papacy, and will be likely to exert a more decided influence on the succession; he is in no wise indebted to the French, and does not forget that they took from his father that beautiful province of Savoy, which was the cradle and

the home of the family. He does not forget that this conduct on the part of France for the aid rendered in 1859 in freeing Lombardy from the Austrians came near ruining Victor Emmanuel in the eyes of his nation, so that it was a long time before he could wipe out this stain, which was in reality as grievous to him as to his people.

France commenced the unification of Italy, but allowed Prussia to complete it. When the latter power took up arms against Austria in 1866, Italy joined in the fray against her old enemy, and though beaten on her own soil, the diversion thus caused led Bismarck to secure for his ally Venice in the settlement. This success led Garibaldi again to strike for Rome; but he was met by the French army, and again defeated. The downfall of France in the German war led to the withdrawal of the French troops from Rome, when the Italian army walked in and took possession of the Quirinal, to the great joy of every body but the Pontiff and his Jesuit allies and followers.

To France Victor Emmanuel gave his personal affection, and the monarch did violence to the feelings of the man in becoming the ally of the Prussians in their great contest of 1866, because he understood that the time had come for him to subject his personal feelings to the demands of policy and the future of his country. And, therefore, Germany and France equally mourn his death, though so antagonistic to each other.

These political alliances resulted in causing Victor Emmanuel to be invited to visit the court of Berlin. His fame as the *Re galantuomo*, dauntless in war and fearless in the chase, had preceded him, as had also a crowd of wild stories regarding his personal appearance, one of which was that a distinguished lady of Florence had been fined for declaring that the king looked like a cattle-driver. And when he made his entry into Berlin with his dark-brown complexion, his deep-black beard covering his chin and reaching to his breast, with immense mustaches extending to his ears, his large, flashing eyes, his short and turned-up nose, his heavy lips, and the many furrows in his face, the Prussians exclaimed in wonder,

"what a king to rule over the land of beauty!" But his frank and open countenance and his manly and unaffected bearing soon silenced his deriders, and he returned from Berlin richer in victories than when he came from the battle-fields of Italy.

He also visited Vienna, the capital of his former bitter enemy, and, in return, Francis Joseph afterwards visited Venice. The Emperor William, of Germany, also returned his visit, by passing over the Alps as far as Milan. These social reciprocities among the chief monarchs of Europe did much towards allaying the prejudices of the Italians against the Germans, and aided in reconciling them to the alliances which their king had formed, and which seemed to them almost unnatural. They were proud of their king for having borne himself with so much dignity at the courts of his illustrious hosts, and in their turn they gave warm receptions to their imperial visitors who came to them with messages of peace, though before they had received one of them equally warmly in war.

In all his movements among his polished entertainers he maintained a royal dignity. Not a smile played upon his lips when earnestness better became the occasion. He had learned to perfection the rules of Prussian military etiquette, and followed them closely towards every officer whom he met, and in all military festivals he showed the soldier through the king. He was delighted to have an opportunity of making a close inspection of their army, and his entertainers were equally delighted at his careful attention of all that he saw, and they gave him one of the finest military spectacles at Potsdam, at which he distinguished himself as an accomplished reviewer.

Victor Emmanuel is understood to have been made king in spite of himself; he had no desire to accept the throne from a discouraged and faint-hearted sire, but took it solely because he saw the responsibility resting so heavily on him in the hour of his country's need. Greatness was literally thrust upon him, but he immediately responded of demands of the station. As a prince he had shown himself a hero on the field, and thus gained the love of his sol-



diers. It is said that at the disastrous battle of Novara he actually tore the garments from his back in his eagerness to escape from his officers and retrieve the fortunes of the day by the most forlorn of forlorn hopes.

Personally Victor Emmanuel was a simple and sometimes even coarse man; rather rough and ready character; and still he was very popular in his visits to the courts of Berlin and Vienna, where he left behind him most favorable impressions. He and Garibaldi were considered the two bravest men in all the land. Tireless in the field, in peace he was always subjecting his strong and robust constitution to the hardships of the chase.

He was a great admirer of female beauty, and extremely fond of social gatherings in a circle of congenial friends, without conventional forms and etiquette. In this way his private life has not been entirely free from errors, nor spared from bitter accusation and manifold scandal. But in the face of these failings his bitterest enemies have never dared to question the general uprightness and purity of his character. When the king lay sick in 1869, his great political opponent of the Vatican expressed his genuine regrets, and though Victor Emmanuel, shortly before his death, received the sacraments of the Church, this was no triumph of his antagonists, nor a personal renunciation of the policy followed during his life. Victor Emmanuel always claimed to be a good Catholic Christian, and was always consistent with this profession, notwithstanding the anathemas of the head of the Church, which were hurled at the king and not at the man. From the memorable day of Novara till the day of his death, through all the remarkable and romantic entanglements of his fate, no man in his realms remained more true to the lofty aim of liberating and elevating his country. And though prematurely cut down, the fate of the king may be regarded as a happy one, as he had lived to see fully emancipated so mighty and brilliant a land, that was crushed down to the earth when he assumed the reins of government.

At home, in the Italy that he had made one, and raised to a prominent place among

the great powers of Europe, he was beloved, honored, and almost adored by the people. He was to them, indeed, the symbol of united Italy. In the cities of the Papal States, before their emancipation, when it was made a crime to speak the name of Victor Emmanuel, often on the black walls was seen, in long white letters, the name of *Verdi*, the great Italian composer. The frequency with which that name appeared seemed remarkable till it was explained, that the letters of that name were the initials of the name and title of their longed-for king—"Vittorio Emanuele Re d'Italia." The Neapolitans were so captivated by his almost reckless bravery, that, despite their distaste towards Piedmont, they gladly accepted him as their king, when their great liberator, Garibaldi, offered them the opportunity of exchanging their Bourbon ruler for the scion of the House of Savoy; and this they did the more readily because in his first baptism of fire he declared the cannon's roar the "finest music he had ever heard."

When he first came to the throne, he committed the cares of the government almost entirely to Cavour, that he might spend his time among his officers and soldiers. In the superabundance of his youthful activity he especially delighted to range through the mountains with a chosen band of sharpshooters, training them as a corps of flying artillery; and in these wild excursions were sometimes displayed some of the strangest and maddest of maneuvers. His manners in the camp were free and hilarious to the extent of extravagance, and yet when circumstances called for it, he could play the king as easily as he had acted the part of a boon companion among his officers, though evidently with greatly qualified pleasure. It was, in fact, always quite evident that the splendor and parade of the court was not to his taste.

Many anecdotes are told of his adventures among the towns-people and the common soldiers, while passing among them in disguise. A single one, by no means the most remarkable, may be given:

Quite late, one evening, the king was passing through a side street, accompanied by the



minister Venosta, when they met a drunken recruit, and a quarrel presently ensued. Giving the minister the wink, not to interfere in the case, he led the young man along in his madness, till at length he dealt the king a blow. The latter then turned up his sleeves, and pressed his assailant to the wall, and, after a pretty severe struggle, succeeded in throwing him to the ground. As he lay there, in a bed of mud, the monarch said to him: "My good fellow, it is well for you that you are the weaker, for if you had been stronger than I, you would have been shut up for a year. Here are twenty francs with which to drink my health. Do you know that you have been fighting with the king?"

Another anecdote, not quite so robust as the above, but just as much in character, is told on this wise:

An Englishman came to the entrance of the palace, where the king was standing, and mistaking him for one of the attendants, inquired whether he might be permitted to see the interior of the palace. "Oh, yes," said the king; "come in." The stranger was then shown through the various apartments, and his attention called to the various rare pieces of art, and treated in the most polite manner, all of which seemed to be duly appreciated; and as the stranger passed out at the door the royal cicerone quietly made known his identity, and of course richly enjoyed his guest's embarrassment, as he proffered his excuses and thanks.

As at the first Victor Emmanuel became king against his own wishes, so he accepted his mission for the extension of his little hereditary kingdom, till it embraced all Italy, for reasons of state rather than because it gratified any personal ambition. He would have infinitely preferred to remain at Turin rather than proceed to Florence; and having fixed his court at the latter city, he had no desire to transfer it to Rome, and consented to do so only because the interests of Italy required it. His habits of life, when freed from the duties of the court, were of the most extreme simplicity. He delighted to drive in a plain one-horse carriage, taking the reins in his own hands. His clothes were extremely simple, and all

his arrangements without pomp or display, and his diet was the extreme of plainness. At the great state dinners, which he was compelled to attend, he never ate any thing—a course of action that has been charged against his enormous mustache, which made eating as cultivated persons usually do, quite impossible to him.

After the decease of his first wife, who was a princess of Austria, he took in morganatic marriage a beautiful girl of low estate, the daughter of a drum major, whose acquaintance he had made in the army. She had attracted his attention, and in due time he was married to her according to the rites of the Church; but the marriage was never confirmed according to the civil law, on account of the opposition of his children, and his counselors of State. She was a woman of good reputation, though uncultivated; was sprightly and cheerful, and best of all, she had a fund of good, common sense, by which her husband was often helped in his difficulties. He made her Countess of Mirafiora, and in his later years he would have brought her to the palace, with his family; but his children by the former marriage would not tolerate it—especially Prince Humbert and his wife, the Princess Margaret, now the crowned heads of the kingdom, strenuously opposed any public recognition of her—and the "brave king" was forced to yield his preferences.

Concerning the last moments of Victor Emmanuel, it is said: In the afternoon the king quietly received a priest, who administered to him the sacraments. He then called the crown-prince and wife, and spoke with them for some minutes. This seemed to aggravate his condition, but he still called those around him to his bedside, and directed a few words to each one. Shortly after this he died, very quietly. The news of his death spread quickly over the whole city, and caused a great and universal feeling. The shops were quickly closed, and insignia of mourning every-where appeared.

During the illness of the king the Pope sent frequent messengers of inquiry, and when it was evident that he was dying the most prominent officials of the papal house-

hold received his confession and gave him the communion, and the pontiff sent his benediction, with the message that he would have come in person had his physical condition permitted him. In spirit all Europe stood at the dying bed of the king—the Emperors of Germany, Russia, and Austria, the Kings of Spain, Portugal, Denmark and Sweden, the Queen of England, Marshal MacMahon, the Prince of Wales, the Empress Eugenie, the Sultan, and others sent their condolence by telegraph, which the diplomatic corps hastened to deliver in person, while all the members of the royal family hurried to the scene.

The news of the king's death ran like wildfire through the city, and caused universal sadness. In a few minutes after the death of the king, the ministers and all the dignitaries of State, who had collected in great numbers in the Quirinal, greeted Prince Humbert as King of Italy.

When the Pope was informed of his death the pontiff was quiet for a moment, and then a tear dropped from his eye with the words from his mouth: "It may easily be that in this death God may lay his hand even more heavily on the Church." Further than this Pius gave no expression in regard to the death, though he bade the cardinal-secretary to refrain from any measure that could compromise the Vatican in the new order of things. The king was buried in the Pantheon, with all the formalities of the Church; for though, contrary to first report, he had recanted nothing as to his acts towards the officials of the Church, he declared himself in dying, as he always had done, a loyal Catholic, and accepted all the offices of the Church.

The preparations for burying the dead monarch were all of the first order. The body lay in royal state, while the clergy were assiduous in uttering prayers for the repose of his soul; and Rome claimed it for burial in the Pantheon, which will be altered for

that purpose at a great expense. Foreign powers condoled mostly by special messengers; courts went into mourning, and the people commenced subscriptions for a national monument. The king's ancestors were all buried in Turin, and, therefore, many were inclined to lay him there with his family. But the Romans claim him as the first King of Italy, the founder of his line, and maintain that his remains should therefore lie in Rome, the capital of united Italy.

No foreign country so much mourns his death as France, for with all the untoward events of latter years, and the Italian alliance with Germany, Victor Emmanuel remained the friend of France, and gave his last hours to a long interview with Gambetta, who declares that he obtained from him the assurance that Italy would join in no enterprise which could in any way menace the French republic.

While it may be freely confessed that Victor Emmanuel was a man and king of many and not always admirable eccentricities, and not a few very considerable faults, it is but justice, also, to recognize his good qualities, and to confess the value of the services he rendered to his country. He was trusted by the ablest and truest men of Italy—notably by Cavour and Garibaldi. He compelled the proudest court of Europe to receive him—for the sake of Italy—as an equal; but, above all else, and that which he valued most of all, his people loved him. And when, after so many years of devotion to the cause of Italian freedom and unity, he lay stiff and cold in his narrow bed, wrapped in his blue army cloak, Italy exclaimed, with a universal outburst of grief—*The king is dead.*

His successor—may he imitate all his father's virtues, while he avoids his faults—will need to be more than an ordinary king, if he, too, shall achieve so bright a renown as that which stands before him in the career of his illustrious father and predecessor.



## THE BULL-FROG'S SERENADE.

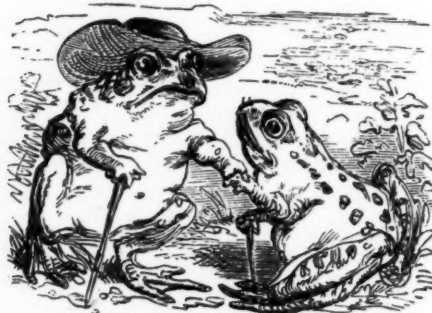
THE night was warm, the pool was still;  
 No voice was heard from lake or hill;  
 When, lo, upon a log decayed,  
 A bull-frog croaked his serenade:

## THE SONG.

Wake, froggess! oh, my love, awake,  
 And listen to my song;  
 The heron roosts far from the lake,  
 The pickerel his rest doth take  
 The water-weeds among.

The sun has put his fire out,  
 The daylight's scarcely seen;  
 No enemy is round about.  
 Then, froggess, rise and poke your snout  
 Above the waters green.

Oh, hop with me to other pools,  
 Where we may live in love;  
 Where no rude wind the warm lake cools,  
 And where do roam no human fools,—  
 Those two-legged things,—above.



## POST-CHRISTIAN JUDAISM.

## II.

## "THE TRADITIONS OF THE ELDERS."

OUR Lord, in conversing with some of the theologians of his time, upbraids them for rejecting the law of God that they might keep their own traditions.

A few of these traditions of the elders, that is, of the expounders of the Sacred Books, are mentioned in the Gospels, though not given in full. For instance, eating with unwashed hands is referred to, the tradition concerning which is as follows: "There is an evil spirit named Shibta whose right it is to sit upon the food of him who eats without washing his hands, and who can make it hurtful to him."

Enough of these traditions are given in Matthew and Mark to excite a desire to know more about them, and happily for the student of comparative theology these oral traditions have found a place in the literature of the Hebrew people—a literature but little known even to themselves, but whose extent in the pure Hebrew and its various modifications was such that the remains thereof, now in the British Museum, catalogued and in part collected by the late Emmanuel Deutsch, make up a library of not less than ten thousand volumes.

First in rank, if not first in order, after the Old Testament Scriptures, stand the Targums, which are versions of Moses, the prophets, etc., translated into the Chaldee and Greek vernacular. After the Babylonish captivity, when the speech of the Jews had become so mingled with the Chaldee that their congregations could not understand the Hebrew Scriptures as they were read in the synagogues, the readers almost by necessity fell into the habit of translating, as they read, into the vernacular of the people. As a safeguard against any corruptions of, or additions to, the Holy Books, these readers were for a long time forbidden to write out their translations, but must give them orally from memory. Thus, in the Book of Ezra, it is said of the readers, they

"read in the book of the law plainly, and gave the sense," the plain or slow and distinct pronunciation of the Hebrew text being, doubtless, for the benefit of such as understood enough of the original to follow the reader in that language, while the running translation was for the great mass, who in this respect occupied the room of the unlearned. Great care was taken not to lose any of the force of the text by a mere literal translation; it was the sense of the Hebrew word, and not merely the corresponding Chaldee or Greek expression that was to be given. There is a direction on this point which says, "Whosoever of the readers translates a verse in its closely exact form is a liar, and he who adds to it is impious and a blasphemer." This example is given in the passage from Exodus xxiv, 10, "And they saw the God of Israel,"—it must be rendered, "they saw the glory of the God of Israel."

Neither might the reader recite in the dramatic fashion or as a teacher of rhetoric, but he must speak simply and plainly. The office of reader in the synagogue thus became an important one. There was a certain dignity and distinction in being able to read the Hebrew, which gradually came to be counted the sacred tongue; while the influence they gained by means of their oral interpretations was an important as well as dangerous feature of their office. The Gospels give an instance where Christ himself served in this capacity—as any one might do who could read Hebrew—in the synagogue at Nazareth; upon which occasion there was delivered unto him the Book of the Prophet Isaiah, from which he read that memorable passage beginning, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor."

In later times it was permitted to write out and read these translations, and hence accumulated a mass of dogmatic theology

which, like a great deal of other similar literature, grew respectable through age, and came to have high authority as the opinions of "the Elders," or, as Christians say, of "the Fathers." These amplifications of the Hebrew Scriptures, of which there are eight in existence, are now known as Targums. 1. The Targum on the Pentateuch by Onkelos; 2. On the first and last prophets, by Jonathan ben Uzziel; 3. On the Pentateuch by the same; 4. On the Hagiographa, by Joseph the Blind; the authors of the others on other portions of the Bible are unknown.

This Onkelos, about whom there is considerable uncertainty, is stated to have been the nephew of the Emperor Titus, who, seeking his royal uncle's advice, as to how he might become rich by traffic, received this answer: "To buy that which is cheap in the market, since it will be sure to rise in price." Whereupon Onkelos went to Jerusalem and studied law under Rabbi Eleazer and Rabbi Jehoshua, and on his return, bearing the pale face of the overworked student, the emperor asked him what he had been doing. Onkelos replied, "I have been at Jerusalem studying the law, and this I did by your advice. No nation has ever been so exalted, and none is now held cheaper among the nations; therefore I concluded that in the end none would be of higher price."

Concerning Jonathan ben Uzziel, the author of the Targum on the Prophets, the Talmud says: "Eighty disciples had Hillel the Elder, thirty of whom were worthy that the Shekinah should rest upon them, as it did upon Moses, our Lord, peace be unto him. Thirty of them were worthy that the sun should stand still at their bidding, as it did on that of Joshua ben Nun; twenty were of intermediate worth; but the greatest of them all was Jonathan ben Uzziel."

The Targum of Jonathan ben Uzziel dates from about the middle of the fourth century, and is similar, and is remarkable among other things for its comments on the Messianic Scriptures.

Some of the Targums state that the Messiah was born long ago. Some say that he was born on the day when the temple was

destroyed, and is hid because of the transgressions of his people. Some say he hides in the sea, others he walks in the Garden of Eden, and that in due time he will discover himself to his people; and when that happy time arrives, the Targums say, a great feast is to be made for the righteous, consisting of all sorts of flesh, fish, and fowl, rich fruits, and old wine, of which the following is a part of the bill of fare:

"First. The ox roasted whole, which is supposed to be the behemoth. This behemoth ox is so large that when he lies down he covers a thousand hills, and to quench his thirst he would require all the waters of the Jordan gathered in a year, at one draught.

"Second. Fresh and salt leviathan, the latter of which has been prepared by Jehovah himself against this feast.

"Third. A great bird, so large that when its feet are on earth, its head reaches the heavens, and when it stretches out its wings they cover the body of the sun." (How this bird is to be cooked the Targum does not mention.)

"Fourth. All manner of pleasant fruits.

"Fifth. Old wine, which has been kept in the grape from the foundation of the world."

This extravagant picture seems to be the amplification of Isaiah xxv, 6: "And in this mountain shall the Lord of hosts make unto all people a feast of fat things, a feast of wines on the lees, of fat things full of marrow, of wines on the lees well refined." It is a tradition among some of the orthodox Jews, doubtless derived from some such amplifications as the above, that when the Messiah appears, at the resurrection, the Jews who are buried every-where else except in the land of Canaan, "will be rolled through the caverns of the earth, so that they may rise from the dead in their own land." And in support of this, they say that Jacob did not wish to be buried in Egypt; and also the bones of Joseph were carried up when Israel went out from captivity, in order to escape this rough journey of being rolled through the caverns of the earth to the proper place of resurrection.

The following extracts from this Targum of Jonathan ben Uzziel on Genesis will show the freedom with which the sacred text has



been interpreted and what sense has been given to it:

"And God made two great lights, and they were equal in splendor for about twenty-one years. Afterward the moon brought a false accusation against the sun, and, therefore, the moon was lessened, and God made the sun greater."

Of this amplification Dr. Adam Clarke says, "I can produce a thousand of similar complexion."

"To Adam he said, Because thou hast eaten from the fruit of the tree of which I commanded thee 'thou shalt not eat,' cursed be the earth, because it has not shown unto thee thy fault."

"And Adam answered and said, I pray thee by the mercy that is before thee, Jehovah, that we may never be condemned to be like unto the beasts, that we should eat grass; but may we be allowed to arise and toil with our hands, and eat food from the earth, and thus may there be a distinction now before thee between the sons of men and the offspring of cattle."

Thus Jonathan would have us believe that it was the idea of Adam, instead of Jehovah, that in the toil of the palm of his hand, he should eat bread.

"And Jehovah Elohim made unto Adam and his wife garments from the skin of the serpent, which he had cast out of it; on the skin of their flesh, instead of their beauty which they had cast off."

"And Jehovah Elohim expelled him from the Garden of Eden, and he went and settled in Mount Moriah, to till the earth of which he was created; and he drove out Adam from where he had made to reside the glory of his Shekinah."

The Targums continually magnify the honor and virtue of studying the Torah thus:

"The rich is he that is rich in the law, and the poor is he that is poor in the law."

"Before he created the world he has created the law. He prepared the Garden of Eden for the righteous, that they shall eat and delight in the fruits of the tree, because they have acted during their life according to the doctrine of the law in this world, and have kept his commandments. He has prepared the Gehenna for the wicked, which is likened unto a sharp sword that eats from two sides; he prepared

within it sparks of light and coals of fire, to judge with them the wicked.

"Better is this law to him who acts according to it than the fruits of the tree of life, for the word of Jehovah has prepared it for him who keeps it, that he shall live and walk in the paths all the way of life of the future world."

#### THE TALMUD.

It was a commonly received notion among the ancient Jews that when Jehovah gave the written law to Moses on Mt. Sinai he also gave him certain oral commandments. These Moses is said to have communicated to Aaron, the priest, and they were handed down by word of mouth in the line of priestly succession, until about A. D. 200, when Rabbi Jehudah wrote them out in a book for the convenience of students in the Jewish theological seminaries. Such a theory so probable in itself, and so utterly incapable of disproof, is highly creditable to the ingenuity and thrift of those ancient priests and doctors. As a basis for priestcraft and profit, it is worthy to be classed with the cunningest devices of Ignatius Loyola himself.

The name of this collection of traditions is Mishna (learning), a field as broad as the most liberal thinker could desire, and in which the rabbis have taken the most liberal range. But Rabbi Jehudah set a dangerous example. When the traditions were oral, memory was a limit to their number. But when once they were set down on parchment they began to multiply. Each learned doctor, in expounding the Mishna to his pupils found it needful to add, for its better understanding, certain notes of his own, and thus the notes, as usual, became overwhelmingly larger than the text.

These sayings of the heads of the academies, and of other learned men whom they quoted, called by the general name of *Gemara*, originated in the Jewish schools during, and immediately after, the Babylonish captivity, and were put in systematic form as the commentary on the text of the Mishna, though in substance they were largely traditional, poetic, and mythological.

The Babylonish *Gemara* on the text of the Mishna forms what is called the Babylonian Talmud. The similar collection of com-

ments, traditions, and amplifications of the Mishna made in Judea is called the Jerusalem Talmud. The first of these was compiled about A. D. 300, the last about A. D. 600.

This monument of Hebrew history, poetry, theology, and superstition is a work comprising twelve thick quarto volumes; it is by no means common even in the libraries of Jewish rabbis, being printed in Hebrew, with which language the modern rabbis are not, as a class, sufficiently familiar to make its possession desirable. Portions of the books have been published in German and in French, but no English edition has yet appeared; though of late much attention has been paid to it, and many fragments such as those which follow, have found their way into current literature.

These are the sayings of which Christ declares to the Pharisees: "Ye make void the Law of God that ye may keep your traditions," a charge which is substantiated by the words of the Talmud itself:

"The words of the scribes—those scribes who wrote the Mishna—are lovely beyond the words of the law; for the words of the law are weighty and light, while the words of the scribes are all weighty. Turn it" (that is, the Mishna), "and turn it again; for every thing is in it."

There are two chief departments to the Talmud, the first called Halachah (rule), which comprises the legal enactments; the other, Haggadah (legend), which is made up of fancies, allegories, parables, and visions. The first is for the purpose of instruction and government; the second is of no authority either as law or doctrine, but is simply for "comfort and blessing," or as we sometimes have it—edification. What, then, is the Talmud?

Emmanuel Deutsch says: "It is an encyclopædia of law, civil and penal, ecclesiastical and international, human and divine; it is a microcosm embracing, even as does the Bible, heaven and earth." This is, however, very moderate language, when compared with much that this book contains concerning the wisdom and greatness of the men who wrote it, some whom it boldly de-

clares to have been superior to Moses and the prophets.

Of Rabbi Eliezer, one of the presidents of the Sanhedrim, it is written, "Although the firmament were vellum, and the waters of the ocean were changed into ink, it could not be sufficient to describe all the knowledge of Eliezer;" and, as a proof of it, it is mentioned, perhaps in rivalry of the legendary wisdom of Solomon "who knew all the plants from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall—" that "Rabbi Eliezer wrote no less than three hundred treatises on the cultivation of the cucumber."

Of course such a man as this must be the superior of Moses and the prophets! There are, however, amidst the glorifyings of the scribes and elders in the Talmud, some actual confessions of weakness which accord not with the record of superiority to Moses and the prophets. Thus:

"When the Rabbi Jochanan ben Zachai was sick, his disciples came to visit him. And when he saw them he began to weep; and they said unto him, O light of Israel, the right hand pillar, the strong pillar, wherefore dost thou weep? And he answered them, If they were carrying me before a king of flesh and blood, who is here to-day, and to-morrow is in the grave; who, if he were angry with me, his anger would not last forever; if he put me in prison, his prison would not be everlasting; if he commanded me to death, that death would not be eternal; whom I could soothe with words, or bribe with riches—even yet, under those circumstances, I should weep; but now, I am going before the King of kings, the holy and blessed God, who liveth and endureth forever and ever; who, if he be angry with me, his anger will last forever; who, if he put me in prison, his bondage will be everlasting; if he condemn me to death, that death will be eternal; whom I can not soothe with words, or bribe with riches; when, further, there are before me two ways, the one to hell, and the other to paradise, and I know not in which they are carrying me, shall I not weep?"

The Talmud does not agree well with itself, for elsewhere it teaches:

"There is no everlasting damnation—not even for the worst sinners; the time of punishment being graduated according to the degree of guilt. Generation upon generation lasts the

condemnation of idolaters, apostates, and traitors; but there is a space of only two fingers breadth between heaven and hell. The sinner has but to repent sincerely, and the gates everlasting fly open to him."

The Jewish people have ever been attentive to education, and wherever they have been in any considerable numbers they have established schools for the training and instruction of their youth in the common branches of knowledge, but more especially in the sacred literature of their race. These schools, under the instruction of learned and famous doctors, seem to have been the seats of certain peculiar views in doctrine, just as in our time we have the Andover theology, the New Haven theology, the Hartford theology, etc., all within the limits of a single religious body in New England. Add to these doctors the professional readers of the law, the Halachists, and the Haggadists, and the Scribes, or transcribers of the sacred writings, and there is seen to be ample opportunity for those religious bands and sects with which we are so familiar from reading the New Testament. "Send forth many disciples, and make a fence around the law," is one of their sayings; and these "fences" with which they inclosed the field of Scripture truth became more and more numerous till, in the Biblical landscape at this distance, they are much more prominent than the field itself.

The Talmud has enjoyed the honors of persecution. It lives, like the Bible, in spite of determined efforts to destroy it. Popes have issued bulls against it, kings and emperors have published edicts confiscating it, and all copies which could be collected of it have been, at six different times, publicly burned. In the latter part of the thirteenth century Pope Honorius IV writes to the Archbishop of Canterbury concerning that *liber damnabilis*, admonishing him "gravely," and desiring him "vehemently" to see that it be not read by any body, "since all other evils flow out of it."

Eighty years before the time of Christ the schools of the Scribes flourished throughout the length and breadth of Judea. Education was made compulsory, and the revival

of public instruction may be understood from the fact that, while before the Babylonish captivity there was not a single word in the language for "school," there were, in the time mentioned, about a dozen in common use. Here are some of the traditional sayings of that period on this subject:

"Jerusalem was destroyed because the instruction of the young was neglected."

"The world is only saved by the breath of the school children."

"Even for the rebuilding of the temple the schools must not be interrupted."

"Study is more meritorious than sacrifice."

"The scholar is greater than a prophet."

"You should revere your teacher even more than your father; the latter only brought you into this world, the former indicates the way to the next."

It is stated of the Scribes that, although on account of their learning in the law they held the highest rank in the estimation of the people, even above that of the priests and nobles, they were many of them men in humble life. It was their custom to have some trade. They were tent-makers, sandal-makers, weavers, carpenters, tanners, bakers, cooks, etc. In the records there is an account of a man elected to the presidency of a synagogue, who, when the honor was announced to him, was found grimy with smoke in the midst of a mound, in which he was burning charcoal. The Talmud says: "It is well to add a trade to your studies, you will then be free from sin." "The tradesman at his work need not rise before the greatest doctor." "Greater is he who derives his livelihood from work than he who fears God."

A striking Talmudical story relates that a sage walking in the crowded market-place suddenly encountered the Prophet Elijah, of whom he inquired who among that great multitude would be saved. Whereupon the prophet first pointed out a turnkey, saying, "He will be saved because he is merciful to his prisoners." He next pointed out two common-looking tradesmen who came walking through the crowded market-place, chatting pleasantly. The sage rushed instantly towards them, and asked them what were

their saving works. But they much puzzled, replied:

"We are but poor workmen who live by our trade. All that can be said for us is, that we are always of good cheer and are good-natured. When we meet any body who seems sad, we join him and talk to him and cheer him so long that he must forget his grief. And if we know of two people who have quarreled, we talk to them and persuade them until we have made them friends again. This is our whole life."

Concerning the similarity of the New Testament and the Talmud, Emmanuel Deutsch says: "Such terms as 'redemption,' 'baptism,' 'grace,' 'faith,' 'salvation,' 'regeneration,' 'Son of man,' 'Son of God,' 'kingdom of heaven,' were not invented by Christianity, but were household words of Talmudical Judaism." The fundamental matters of the new faith are matters totally apart from the ethics in both, and are in their broad outlines identical. That grand dictum, "Do unto others as ye would that others do unto you," is quoted by Hillel, who died when Jesus was ten years of age. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," is a precept of the Old Testament. Six hundred and thirteen injunctions, says the Talmud, was Moses instructed to give to the people; David reduced them to eleven in the fifteenth Psalm; the Prophet Isaiah reduced them to six (chapter xxxiii, 15); the Prophet Micah reduced them to three (chapter vi, 8); Isaiah once more reduced them to two (lvi, 1); Amos reduced them to one (v, iv)—"Seek ye me and ye shall live."

The Talmud inveighs against and denounces what it calls the plague of Phariseism as bitterly as does Christ himself. It calls them "dyed ones, who preach beautifully but who do not act beautifully." The Pharisees were what may be called the party of progress of their time, to which the reformed Jews of our time somewhat answer, and many among them were Israelites indeed in whom there was no guile. Of this sect the Talmud distinguishes seven classes. These are (1) they who do the will of God from earthly motives; (2) they who say, Wait a while for me, for I have just one more good

work to perform; (3) they who knock their heads against walls in avoiding the sight of a woman; (4) saints in office; (5) they who employ you to mention some more duties which they might perform; (6) they who are pious because they fear God; (7) the real and only true Pharisee, who does the will of his Father which is in heaven because he loves him.

The mass of ordinances, injunctions, prohibitions, precepts, traditions, decisions, and so forth, at length arose to gigantic proportions, a very large number of which were oral. An attempt was made to reduce these to order by Hillel, the president of the grand Sanhedrim at the time of the birth of Christ. This Hillel is called the second Ezra. He was born in Babylon, but his thirst for knowledge drove him to Jerusalem. He was, however, too poor to pay the fee of admission to the schools, and it is recorded of him that he climbed up the window-sill one bitter Winter's night, and lay there listening to the instructions given within, until the cold made him insensible and the snow covered him up. His devotion to learning thus shown appears to have paved his way for him, and about thirty years before Christ, Hillel became president of the Sanhedrim. The Talmudic records are full of his meekness, piety, and his benevolence. Some of his sayings are as follows:

"Be a disciple of Aaron, a friend of peace, a friend of all men, and draw them near unto the law."

"Do not believe in thyself until the day of thy death."

"Be not judge of thy neighbor until thou hast stood in his place."

"Whosoever does not increase in knowledge decreases."

"Whoever tries to make gain by the crown of learning, perishes."

One day a heathen went to Rabbi Shammai, the head of a rival academy, and asked him, mockingly, to convert him to the law while he stood on one leg. The rabbi was angry, and turned him from his door. The heathen then went to the school of Hillel, and made a similar request. Hillel received him kindly, and replied: "Do not do unto



another what thou wouldst not another should do thee. This is the whole law; the rest is mere commentary." Immediately after his lectures it was his custom to hurry home, saying he must look after his guest, and when they pressed him for the name of his guest, he said he meant his soul, which was here to-day and there to-morrow. This Hillel died before he had finished his work, which was carried forward by Akiba, who was called a second Moses, and completed by Jehuda, who is called the saint, about the year 200.

The poetical portions of the Talmud contain among their dreary original stories some which are interesting because of their reference to the law of Moses.

In addition to the statement of God that his work was very good, this portion of the Talmud teaches that God created every thing in its proper season; he created worlds upon worlds, and destroyed them all, one after another, until he created this world, and then he said, this pleases me, the others did not. It was not meet to create this world until now. "Three things were before this world: Water, Fire, and Wind. Water begat the Darkness, Fire begat Light, and Wind begat the Spirit of Wisdom." The Talmud takes special pains to deny that there were any angels in existence at the time when God created the world, "lest man may say Michael spanned out the firmament to the south, and Gabriel to the north." But after the creation angels became more plenty. Two of them accompanied every man as guardians, and for every new good deed he acquired a new guardian angel. "Every nation," says the Talmud, "has its special guardian angel, its horoscope, its rolling planets and stars; but there is no planet for Israel. Israel shall look but to Him. There is no mediator between those that are called his children and their Father which is in heaven."

The Talmud doctrine of the soul has a Platonic cast. "As God fills the whole universe, so the soul fills the whole body; as God sees and is not seen, so the soul sees and is not seen; as God nourishes the whole universe, so the soul nourishes the whole body;

as God is pure, so the soul is pure." This purity is specially dwelt upon in contradistinction to the theory of hereditary sin which is denied.

The doctrine of the resurrection of the dead, and the immortality of the soul, vaguely indicated in various parts of the Old Testament, is clearly announced by the Talmud, according to which the resurrection is to be brought about by the mystical power of the dew of life falling on the Mount of Olives, whereby it is presumed the whole earth will be endowed with resurrection power toward the bodies of those who sleep in it, as according to certain fanciful interpretations of Scripture, the whole earth was sanctified by the blood of Him who was crucified upon Calvary. These further translations from the Talmud from the author above quoted can not fail to be of interest:

"Be thou the accursed, and not he who curses."

"Be thou of them that are persecuted, and not of them who persecute. There is not a single bird more persecuted than the dove, yet God hath chosen her to be offered up on his altar. The bull is hunted by the lion, the sheep by the wolf, the goat by the tiger, and God said, bring me a sacrifice, not from them that persecute, but from them that are persecuted."

"He who sacrifices a whole burnt-offering, shall be rewarded for the whole burnt-offering; but he who offers humility unto God and man, shall be rewarded with a reward as if he had offered all the sacrifices in the world."

"Prayer is Israel's only weapon; a weapon inherited from its fathers, and tried in a thousand battles; but even when the gates of heaven are shut to prayer, they are open to tears."

"Life is a passing shadow, says the Scripture. Is it the shadow of a tower or a tree? No; it is the shadow of a bird in its flight; away flies the bird and there is no longer either bird or shadow."

"Repent one day before thy death. There was a king who bade all his servants to a great repast, but did not indicate the hour. Some went home, and put on their best garments and stood at the door of the palace. Others said there is ample time, the king will let us know beforehand. But the king summoned them of a sudden; and those who came in their best garments were well received; bu



the foolish ones, who came in their slovenliness, were turned away in disgrace. Repent to-day, lest ye might be summoned to-morrow."

"The aim and end of all wisdom are repentance and good works. Even the most righteous are not taken to so high a place in heaven as the truly repentant."

"The reward of good works is like dates, sweet and late ripening."

"If your God hates idolatry, why does he not destroy it? asked a heathen; and they answered him: Behold they worship the sun, moon, and stars; yet would you have him destroy this beautiful world for the sake of the foolish?"

"If your God is a friend of the poor, why does he not support them? Their case, a sage answered, is left in our hands, that we may, thereby, acquire merits and forgiveness of sins."

"He who has more learning than good works is like a tree with many branches but few roots, which the first wind throws on its face."

"Love your wife like yourself, honor her more than yourself."

"Descend a step in choosing a wife, mount a step in choosing a friend. He who forsakes the love of his youth, God's altar weeps for him. He who sees his wife die before him, has, as it were, been present at the destruction of the sanctuary itself; around him the world grows dark."

"It is woman alone through whom God's blessings are vouchsafed to a house."

"He who marries for money, his children shall be a curse to him."

"The house that does not open to the poor shall open to the physician."

"He who gives charity in secret is greater than Moses himself."

"Let the honor of thy neighbor be to thee like thine own."

"Hospitality is the most important part of divine worship."

"There are three crowns—of the law, the priesthood, and the kingship; but the crown of a good name is greater than them all."

"Think of three things—whence thou comest, whither thou goest, and to whom thou wilt have to account for all thy deeds; even to the King of kings, the all-holy, praised be he."

"The dog sticks to you on account of the crumbs in your pocket."

"The camel wanted to have horns, and they took away his ears."

"While thy foot is shod, smash the thorn."

"The sun will go down all by himself, without thy help."

"Fools are no proof."

"There is a great difference between him who is ashamed before his own self, and him who is only ashamed before others."

"One contrition in a man's heart is better than many flagellations."

"If you wish to hang yourself choose a big tree."

"Even if a bull have his head deep in his trough, hasten upon the roof, and drag the ladder after you."

"Youth is a garland of roses, but age is a crown of thorns."

"Drink not and you will not sin."

"He whosoever runs after greatness, greatness runs away from him; but he who runs from greatness, greatness follows him."

"He who curbs his wrath, his sins will be forgiven."

"Commit a sin twice, and you will think it perfectly allowable."

"The true reward is not of this world."

"When a shepherd is angry with his flock, he appoints to it a blind bell-wether."

"It is not incumbent upon thee to complete the work; but thou must not therefore cease from it."

"Teach thy tongue to say, 'I do not know.' He who humiliates himself shall be lifted up; he who raises himself up will be humiliated."

"Let thy house be the resort of the wise, let the dust of their feet cover them, and drink in thirstily their words."

"Say not, when I am at leisure, I will study; it is likely, then, that thou never wilt be at leisure."

"He who increases flesh, increases corruption; he who increases worldly goods, increases care; he who increases servants, increases theft; but he who increases in the knowledge of the law, increases life; if thou art wise in the knowledge of the law, take not credit to thyself, for to this end wast thou created."

## AMONG THE THORNS.

## CHAPTER VI.

AND death had come as Robert had wished it might, when "he did not know it and when Ruby did not know it." Yet he had greeted this coming with a smile, though no one saw it, and he had spoken a joyful word, though no one heard it. Perhaps it was better so, for smile and word alike were full of welcome and not of parting. They were for that he went to meet, and not for that he left behind.

Thinking his patient wished to sleep, the good doctor had gone for a stroll in the garden. Seeing Robert was left alone, Marah had stolen softly to her accustomed place, passing in through the parlor that she might not break his rest. Coming home by the river road Ruby and her uncle had loitered, with design on his part, with ill-concealed impatience on her own. Waking from his dreams, Hugh started up, fancying he heard the sound of horses' feet. Glancing toward the house he could distinctly see the outline of Uncle Robert's figure in the easy-chair. Something in the attitude of the drooping head arrested his attention, and without his knowing why, created a strange flutter of apprehension. He hastened over the grass as fast as his crutches would carry him, and mounted the steps just as Marah, stepping forth to bid him to be quiet, emerged from her window. Standing behind Robert's chair, she laid her finger on her lip. Hugh did not heed her, but, bending down, smoothed back the hair that had fallen upon his uncle's forehead. The touch was enough, though until this dreadful moment the boy had never seen death. His glance of terror brought Marah, who, suppressing a cry of horror, exclaimed:

"He is not dead, Hugh; he has fainted! Oh, no, I can not have him die! It will kill Ruby; it will kill my precious child!"

The old doctor, wandering with hands folded behind his back from one path to another, heard the cry. He made all haste to join them, but before he reached the steps Marah had gently taken the locket and the

rosary from Robert's hands, and laid them upon her work-table just within the window. Some unaccountable and mighty temptation came to the boy to snatch these treasures from her hand and put them out of her sight. Pushed into the background by the frightened servants who crowded near, he stepped through the window into the parlor, and again the impulse returned. He could not have told then, nor for a long time after, why he was tempted or why he resisted, but he did resist. Putting his hands behind him, for the same feeling that prevented taking forbade touching them as well, he bowed his head upon his breast, and shut his eyes tight to keep back the fast coming tears.

The locket was open. Only a few moments ago a smile fell on the pictured face, for Robert had given it his last look and caress. He had clasped it so tightly that there was left upon his hand a mark where nestled each tiny pearl, making the sign of the cross in his palm. It had received his last word also, for the angel had touched his lips into silence even while they were saying "Lucia, mia santa Lucia!"

What strange, unlooked for impressions crowd the brain in our hours of deepest emotion! What vivid thoughts throng when one would suppose all thought must be benumbed or dead! In this moment of greater shock and excitement than Hugh had ever known, he was strangely possessed by the desire that no hands but Ruby's should touch these sacred things. For an instant he lost his realization of what had happened, and by some curious action of his mind the articles seemed more important than the occurrence that sanctified them. He stood rapt in thought until a shuffling of many feet in the hall and the sound of sobbing men aroused him to the sense of the present trial. He knew, though he could not see from the dim parlor where he stood, that they were bearing his uncle to his room;

but as they passed through the hall there crossed his vision a white helpless hand dropping from old Peter's shoulder. He turned quickly away and looked out at the window. There stood his uncle's empty chair. The sight was too sad for him. He gathered up his crutches and hurried out of the house.

Once under the sky the thought of Ruby, of her coming, of her grief, rushed over his mind, and without waiting a moment he walked as fast as he could across the lawn, and turned into what they called the river road.

He hardly knew what he meant to do or to say, but he felt he must get to her, must save her, must help her to bear it. He walked on and on through the sunset, as far as excitement would take him, which was farther than his strength would have gone. And still they did not come. He forced himself forward to another turn of the road, and, leaning against the trunk of a tree, he waited for sight or sound; but no footfall broke the stillness. The afterglow in the sky seemed never quite so beautiful; never was crimson so deep, never was gold so golden as in the masses of clouds piled in the western heavens. The wind was still, the leaves seemed to hold themselves in a blessed hush, waiting for the dew. Somehow the quiet glory of the transfigured earth crept into his soul, and, for the first time, the thought of Uncle Robert in a new and happy life dawned upon him—Uncle Robert safe, well, rested, happy—but Rubetta, alone. Then he remembered that he had promised to comfort and to make her happy, to make "the hard things easy." And here was the hardest thing of all, and he did not know how to meet it.

"Oh," he sighed, "if only Aunt Patience were here to teach me what to do!"

But somehow with the thought of Robert came a recollection of the great Teacher, whose dearest name of all is "Comforter." Surely he would comfort Ruby in her loneliness, as he had comforted so many stricken hearts before.

The peace of this thought was creeping into his soul when the tramp of hoofs broke

on his ear. A moment later they were in sight, Rubetta first, riding fast and hard, and her uncle coming after in a leisurely manner that indicated no sympathy with her haste.

Hugh moved to the road-side and waited, knowing for the first time by experience how heavily upon the heart can lie the full weight of another's sorrow.

In an instant Ruby was by his side, reining her horse so suddenly that he threw his head in the air.

"O Hugo! you blessed fellow, to come so far to meet me. But really I can not walk home with you."

"No, no, cousin; I do not wish it—"

But she interrupted him:

"How dead tired you look, dear boy! and I know I am very rude, but I am in such a craze to get to papa. See how low the sun is. It really was almost unkind to keep me so late; but uncle took me around by the forest. I shall never forgive myself if papa wanted me."

"He did not want you, child," said Richard, who had come up in time to hear the last remark.

"I hope not; oh, I hope not. But, Uncle, I fancied I heard him call me again and again when we were among the pines."

"No, no; you were nervous, girl. You will find that he is better. Will she not, Hugh?"

"I know he is or you would not be here. Good-bye; he is waiting for me," and she gave her horse a quick blow, and dashed on out of sight.

And Hugh, who meant to break it so gently to her, who meant to tell her "her father was asleep now, and *well*, and waiting for her where there was no weariness or pain;" who meant to tell her "he knew a Comforter who loved her," had let her go without a word. His lips had been sealed, his throat had allowed nothing to pass the barrier of sobs that filled it with such an ache, and he could not have uttered a sound if his life or hers had been at stake. Yet he reproached himself that without a word of warning she had gone on to meet this dreadful blow.

His father saw the boy's face working convulsively, and fearing he was ill, sprang from his horse. Hugh raised his hand and pointed after Ruby. Then, suddenly, remembering that it was his father's sorrow too, he threw his arms about his neck and burst forth with,

"O father, go after her; it will kill her. Marah said it would kill her. Go! father, go!"

In an instant Richard comprehended the truth, and Hugh felt he knew it by the shudder that shook the strong man's frame. There was a breath of silence, and then Hugh said:

"Father, we are men; we can meet it like men; but Ruby, how will she ever bear it? I hate my cowardly tongue that it would not speak. I hate my wretched body that I can not ride after her now. She ought not to meet this alone."

And Richard, without a word, mounted his horse and rode swiftly away, with the same white set face that Marah had seen one day by the wayside. He did not overtake the girl, until within a few rods of the house, and when he did, he said, riding close to her side:

"Ruby, Hugh brought me sad news for you; but he was unable to speak it."

She uttered a low cry, and turning wheeled her horse suddenly across his path. With blazing eyes she scanned his pale face.

"Is my father dead?"

He hesitated.

"Is my father dead?"

"Yes; but—"

"And you kept me from him? I do not believe it. I can not believe it. He is not dead. Oh, if I should find it true, I should hate you forever."

Before he could answer, she had gone riding up the path with the wildest speed. Marah was at the door with open arms and streaming eyes.

"Don't touch me!" said the girl; "do not touch me, Marah! It is not true;" but at that moment her eye fell upon the great empty chair with the print of her father's head still on the pillows.

Not a word was said, but she turned aside to this seat, and burying her face in the cush-

ions, seemed to let it tell her what she would not hear from human lips.

And Hugh came slowly and wearily back, haing his crippled body as he never hated it before, hating his cowardly soul, convinced that he could never comfort, because now he had failed, yet longing more than ever to bear the burden for those he loved.

He found her there in her father's place, still and tearless, her face buried in the pillows, and resisting all persuasion to leave the chair. He came to her, and gently touched her hair with his hand. She had not noticed any one's word or caress, but she put her hand up to brush his aside, and said:

"Don't, please don't touch me, Hugh." Then lifting her heavy eyes, she asked, "O Hugo! why did you let me deceive myself? God did NOT hear us. God did not care for our prayers." And then she bowed her head, and would not speak again.

One after another kind one drew near and tried to arouse her, but the night shut down, and the stars came out, and still she kept her place.

They brought the aged pastor from the Church in town; but she only raised her head, and looked in his pitiful eyes a moment, and then dropped it again on the pillow. He said gently to her:

"Only God can help you, my daughter. Shall we pray for his comfort?" and she answered,

"No."

"Yes, Ruby," whispered Hugh. "It may help us, Ruby."

"No, no; I do not want comfort! I want my father."

"God can not give him back to you, much as he loves and pities you," said the pastor. "Shall I not ask for what he *longs* to give? his strength to bear the loss? his grace to live so that you will see your father again?"

"No, no; he would not hear! Do not ask him for ANY THING. I can NEVER ask him again for any thing; he did not hear me when I prayed. He did not care."

And Hugh was glad when they gave up trying, and left her alone. He knew instinctively that there was no help for her in



words, but he felt there was help in a silent, loving presence. He only left her to go to his father, whose step he could hear pacing steadily up and down the corridor, by Robert's room. Hugh went softly up to him, and said:

"Papa, please go in with me to Uncle Robert's. I want to see his face again. It was so beautiful. I want to see it again."

And the strong man who could not go alone, went into the silent room hand in hand with the crippled son, who led him, as if they had changed places, and he were the stronger of the two.

Robert was lying on the same couch, much in the same attitude, as on the night before, his face turned toward the window, through which were stealing the rays of the rising moon. Nothing about him betrayed the presence of the King of Terrors. He seemed resting in a sleep so tranquil and deep, that involuntarily one hushed the voice and step for fear he would awaken.

To Hugh the spot was full of peace; to Richard full of bewildering trouble and pain. Neither spoke, but the boy held fast to his father's icy hand, his soul full of the purpose not to fail him as he had failed his cousin. At last, as they turned away, he whispered, drawing his father's head down to his ear:

"You said, papa, that I was like him?"

"Yes, my son, in many ways you are like him."

"What was the greatest thing he did for you, papa, in all his life?"

"Why, he loved me," said the strong man, breaking down utterly. "He loved me—" and the sentence ended in hot tears, that Richard would gladly have hidden from his boy.

"But I shall love you for both, now, papa. I am almost glad that I shall never be quite well, for there will be no reason why I should not give all my life to you. When I am older I can be both your brother and your son. Will not that comfort you, by and by?" said Hugh, with his arm about his father's shoulder, and his cheek against the beard now streaked with lines of gray.

"Yes, indeed; if there is any comfort, I shall find it in you, dear fellow."

Then Hugh went back to Ruby, and sat in silence by her, and as the night grew cooler wrapped a shawl around her, and told her, at last, that he wanted to take her up to the still chamber overhead, and let her see the smile her father was keeping on his face for her.

"It really seems as if he were waiting up there to see you, dear. He is lying by the window, in the moonlight, and you have not told him good-night;" but she made no answer. "Do n't you think if you were lying asleep up there, and he were sitting here, he would come and look at you and kiss you?"

"Yes, yes;" she said, convulsively; "and I was to do, you know he said, I was to do what HE would do in my place. Yes, dear papa, I am coming," and she passed swiftly by him, and went steadily up the stair. He followed more slowly, and lingered at the open door. It was well that she had come, for the awful stillness was broken. He could hear the sound of passionate weeping within, and see in the moonlight the young head bowed upon the pillow beside her father's face.

"O papa! who will take care of me now?" she asked, between the sobs; and gently, from the place where he stood in shadow, Hugh whispered, more to himself than to her:

"I will!"

At the same instant, Marah's voice answered aloud:

"I will! my child, I will!" and she came forward from the shade of the curtains.

Poor Marah, her heart-break was twofold, for up to this time her grief for Robert had this added pang of Ruby's rejection of her love and care. She had believed that when this time came the girl's heart would turn naturally to her, and she should know the long coveted joy of having her all to herself. She heard Hugh's whisper, and the quick, jealous fear, that even now she would not be *all* her own, overcame her prudence.

But Hugh, poor fellow, with no comprehension of a woman's jealousy, only wanted his cousin to be comforted, caring nothing through whom the comfort came. He



had felt vaguely that if he could bring her here, if the tears would come, it would be better than this dead, fierce silence. So he was glad to hear her cry and talk, glad to see Marah lead her away to rest.

He went back himself to Uncle Robert's empty chair; but he sat beside it not in it, and rested his head upon the arm. His father was restlessly pacing the walk, and he could hear his step, and see now and then the tall shadow which his figure cast upon the ground. A thousand conflicting feelings were crowding the hour for the man. A life-time of tender loving seemed crowding the hour for the boy. Oh, to be *strong* to bear this sorrow for those whom it hurt so sorely! strong in body and brain and soul, so as to get between Ruby and "the hard things in life," and to be to his father all Uncle Robert ever had been to him. It was an exalted moment, such as never comes to a mean soul, and such as only now and then crowns years of unselfish living for a noble one—an hour of communion with whatever has been purest in all souls and all times; an hour of inspiration, real and true and lasting in its influence upon the after life. In later years Hugh's mind often came back to it, and classed it with the time when he first believed he could never be cured; for it was like that hour, a crisis-period of existence, a time of struggle, "to put on the whole armor," to lift his weapons and make ready for whatever might come.

Slowly his mind ran over the scenes of the day, and when they came to the untold story, to the little key, the rosary, and the books, he started to his feet with a sudden recollection that he had left these books on the garden seat where he had sat and slept.

He hastened at once to the spot. How still and calm the night seemed out there under the stars. The books were not on the seat. He knelt down, and with his hands felt all about in the grass, damp with the dew of the night; but the volumes were not there. He was troubled, but still he thought he should find them in the house; that they must have been seen and cared for by some one of the servants. Yet how he wished

the untold story had been told; how he wished the unclaimed treasures were safe in Ruby's hands; how he wished he had not forgotten the books. The three lost things seemed links in one chain, and he felt the chain held something his uncle had valued, some anchor in the sea of future troubles, yet Robert had never told him this. He joined his father, and they went in together. Hugh telling him about the lost books, and the last hour's talk with his uncle.

Richard went directly up-stairs, but Hugh entered the parlor, and in the dim light passed his hand over the table where Marah had laid the contents of Robert's hand, but the treasures were not there. He fancied he heard a light footstep and the rustle of garments, and saw a shadow moving from the room; but he rebuked his nervousness, and followed on after his father, to whom he wished to say good-night.

Richard had entered Robert's room, and Hugh stepped softly into the anteroom to wait for him. Something in his father's attitude, as he bent above the lifeless form, brought back the day when the brothers had met upon the veranda, and the strong man had bowed to meet the embrace of the feeble one. Only to-night, no white hands were lifted to Richard's neck, and no answering smile met his sorrowful look of love. Hugh turned away, his eyes full of tears, to see, between him and the window, a tall figure in black. For a second, his heart stopped beating, but in that second he recognized Marah, who never turned toward him as he stood in the shadow of the drapery between the rooms; but who walked noiselessly to the desk and silently and swiftly turned the key. The rustle of her garments, the shadow on the floor were the same he had heard and seen below, and in an instant he felt he understood the matter. She had taken the key from the desk below, and had come to replace the treasures where they would be safe. He heard the rattle of the beads of the rosary as she dropped them into the drawer, and then his heart beat faster as he saw her hold up to the light of the moon a little book. She opened it, and peered within as if to make sure it held no loose papers;

then another, or the same one over again, this time shaking it gently by the covers.

Hugh could hardly restrain himself from crying out, "O Marah, you have found the books, and I am so glad!" but he was still. He was glad, and no suspicion crossed his pure heart that there was, in this act, any thing other than proper care of something to be kept for Ruby. It was natural and right for Marah to put these things away; natural that she should have seen them all before; natural that she should know their resting-place, where the key was kept. And Marah was certainly the proper person to keep such things. Yet, notwithstanding all this, as he saw the articles in her hand, again, that mighty, almost uncontrollable, impulse to snatch them away came upon him. So strong was it, that he could have seized them and afterward have said that he did not at all know why; that a will mightier than his own had impelled the act.

She locked the desk, and glided from the room, not once casting a glance from her great mournful eyes in the direction of the chamber, where, only twenty-four hours before, she had heard the rebuke of lips that should never chide her more.

Hugh wiped the moisture from his brow, and went in and kissed his father, who did not seem disposed to come away, and then crept sadly to his bed.

#### CHAPTER VII.

THE week that followed saw too many changes, was too sad a one for all hearts in the Thorn household to be lived over day by day. It saw a new grave made by that of Lucia, in the little cypress grove near the river; and there, one day at sunset, they laid all that was mortal of Robert Thorn. It saw many of the servants sent away, and room after room of the old house closed, leaving only people enough to keep it in order, until such time as a decision could be reached as to its final disposition.

It saw old Peter, and even the gay little Mercury, clad in sober black. It saw Ruby sitting day after day in her father's arm-chair, or going, with Hugh for her companion, to carry flowers and sit by the new-made grave.

She did not cry much, but she could not bear that any one should talk of her father to her. Her quiet was more like that of a parent who had lost a child than of a child who had lost her parent. She would bear the efforts of her father's friends to comfort or divert her very patiently for a while, and then would say:

"It is very kind of you to try, but it does not help me, because, you see, I do not want any of these things you talk about. I ONLY want my father."

Some one talked of "a Father in Heaven," and she said:

"Oh, yes, if there is a heaven my father is there."

"But I spoke of your Heavenly Father," persisted the neighbor. "He pities you, poor child. Do n't you know the Bible says, 'Like as a father pitieth his children?'"

"No; I don't know any thing about that. He did not pity me, and I am not his child, and *my* own father is the one I want."

She did not reason, poor girl! she only suffered. And, meantime, Marah went on preparing her for the journey which Richard, restless in his sorrow, was more and more anxious to hasten. And strange to tell, Ruby did not seem to mind the leaving the old place and the new grave. She said to Hugh:

"I know very well that I can not live all my life here, with Marah alone, though, of course, that is what I feel like doing. I am going, but you must not make me think of it or talk of it. I feel as you say papa felt about dying. I wish the change could come when I do not know it. And—and," she added, her eyes filling, "I am going because I know he wanted me to go."

"Yes; and we shall all love you so, and try to make you so happy," said Hugh, not knowing what better to say.

"I used to be anxious lest you would not love me, you and your mother and sister; now, I do not seem to care at all. Nothing can make any difference, Hugh; nothing can bring my father back."

And Hugh, dear boy, was at his wits' end in his desire to comfort where nothing he knew of comfort would avail. He could not

make her all over into some new creature who would *wish* God's will to be done. So he longed for Aunt Patience, who had helped him when his heart was very sore, and he felt she would be *wise* enough and kind enough to meet this need. He was very trustful himself, but he was afraid of his ignorance. He dared not say all his heart to Ruby lest he should harm her more than he helped.

But one day after a kind neighbor had driven over and tormented the child with an hour's talk of resignation, leaving her excited and worn, Hugh said softly:

"Oh, if Aunt Patience were only here!"

"Would she talk to me in this way, Hugo, as old Mrs. Harrison did?" and she lifted her eyes wearily to his face.

Not Marah's eyes, in her darkest days, could have been sadder than these, and under them were settling already dark shadows of pain. Her face looked pinched and worn, and Hugh's heart ached for her as he answered:

"She would gather you up in her arms and rock you to sleep, and love all the hurt, little by little, out of your heart, and—"

"Marah thinks *she* could do that if I would let her," she interrupted, the faintest shadow of a smile playing around her mouth. "But what would she *say*? That I must bow to the will of God?"

"Yes, if she thought it *was* his will."

"But she must think so—they all do."

"I do not," he answered, stoutly.

"What do you mean, Cousin Hugh?" she asked, the color coming to her cheek.

"I mean that I do not think God wanted Uncle Robbie to die, or planned his death, or took him away. I think God wanted him to live a long and healthful and happy life, and was sorry he could not."

"But does not God have things as he wishes? as he wills?"

"He must in the end, of course, but he does not *now*, for he surely wishes us all to be good and to be happy; and think how many of us are wicked or wretched, or both together! Aunt Patience once told me I was ready to blame my Heavenly Father for not helping me to have *my* will, while I was unwilling he should have *his*. We set our

will against him, and do not allow him to rule."

"But why should he care so much for his will in our affairs?"

"Why, Ruby!" said Hugh, surprised, for he thought no one but himself wicked enough to rebel; "we have no affairs that are not God's affairs first, and he certainly does not care to have his will done for himself but for us."

"But I had only my father," she said bitterly, paying no heed to his reply.

"You had your father, but God had his child. He was God's child all the same."

"And God could be happy in taking his child, while I am so wretched in losing my father? Is that a loving God?"

"O Ruby!" said Hugh, sorrowfully, "as if he could be happy in seeing you suffer! Why, cousin, I believe he is as hurt and sorry for you—and more so—than you are for yourself. He *loves* us, Ruby; you do n't seem to believe that he *loves* us. So his will can only mean our good."

"If he loves how *could* he refuse when we prayed till all our life was a prayer? Why, Hugo, I had begun to *believe*! I trusted him and he did not hear." And again she bowed her head and hid her face.

"He always hears." She started, and a little thrill ran through her heart, for this was what her father had said to her, "remember, he always hears;" and Hugh added, "I do n't understand how, dear Ruby, and I can not explain what I mean, but if he had given us what we asked, I should know he loved us; and I know when he did not grant our wish that it was because he loved us too much to do it. I do n't think he took Uncle Robert, but he did not interfere to prevent his going away, and whatever his reason was it was love, and nothing but love."

"Do n't, dear Hugo," she said, raising her hand to stop him. "I grow almost wild thinking it over and over; and it is all such a blind puzzle to me. I do n't see why we are here, or why we are made, so that we love and suffer and cling, and then are hurt and disappointed and separated. And when I am so tired of thinking, I

wish I knew what my father thought and felt, and what he wants me to feel; but he never told me before, and now—now he can not." And she ended with a burst of tears.

Hugh could have told her if he had not been too distrustful of his own experience of weary battles fought over and over again with himself, while his thoughts were treading the never-ending circle of questions on which her own had entered. He knew her soul had been led to the borders of doubt, as most souls are by the hand of the first sharp sorrow; but he fancied the gentleness of a woman's nature would save her from going farther. He thought that open rebellion and bold defiance to God's words and ways were only possible to natures in which all the fierce energy of manhood resisted entering the kingdom of God by "becoming a little child." He could have given stronger reasons for "the faith that was in him" than his humility would allow him to reveal. The arrogance of youth that loves to teach had not yet asserted itself. But in his secret heart he believed Ruby would question while she suffered, and trust again when she was soothed. So he only talked enough to save her from the dread of hearing her father's name, or the bitterness aroused by well meant attempts at consolation. Whenever he could make her talk a little or cry a little he saw she was better for it, and for all the rest he trusted to time and Aunt Patience and the slow incoming of the blessed consciousness of God's love, that, sooner or later, he was sure would bless her as it had blessed and comforted him.

There were only two days left before the one finally fixed upon for their departure. After Ruby's request nothing more was said to her about it. Marah occupied herself with preparations, Hugh was present every-where with a cheerful word for his father or Ruby, and many a kind one for Marah and the servants kept busy under her direction. One day he missed the little desk from the parlor, and not liking to ask about it, he yet hoped it had been packed to go with Ruby. Over and over again in his mind he turned the scene of the night after his uncle's death when he had seen Marah deposit the arti-

cles in the desk of the octagon room. At first he thought he would talk with Ruby about the story and the treasures, but did not see how it could well be done without reporting the midnight scene. He was tempted to tell Marah, and ask her to give the articles to Ruby; but he reasoned that she would probably do this in any event. He resolved to speak about it to his father when opportunity occurred, and his anxiety was allayed when he saw him examining in turn all the various desks and receptacles for papers. Sooner or later he would surely open the old cabinet, and then the picture, the crucifix, and the precious books would come to light and find their rightful owner. And on the afternoon of the day in question, he found his father in the little anteroom busy at the lock, trying first one and then another of a bunch of keys.

"These are your uncle's keys, my son," he remarked, as looking up his eyes encountered Hugh's, "but no one of them seems to fit this lock."

"Oh no, father, this is the cabinet I told you about that night in the garden. Do you remember?"

"Oh, yes; then this is the one we want to open. Where did you put the key?"

"I put it back in the little writing-desk that used to stand in the parlor. I think that has been packed, for it is gone. Perhaps Marah knows where it is."

"Call Marah for me, will you?"

Hugh did as he was bidden, and Marah came. She showed no agitation at knowledge of what was wanted, but said:

"I packed the little desk, with all its contents, Mr. Thorn. I knew the key was there, but the cabinet had not been much in use since Mrs. Thorn's death, and I did not think the key would be desired."

"I fear I must trouble you for it nevertheless, for I think there are important papers which I have failed to find. I must not give up the search without looking in every place."

With no apparent reluctance she departed, returning in a short time, not with the key only, but with the desk itself. Hugh selected the key at once, and his father, re-



moving all the papers from the portfolio, returned it to Marah, who did not withdraw but quietly awaited the opening of the lock. It yielded readily, and a glance into the various drawers showed them, as Marah had said, entirely empty. Hugh waited, restlessly changing his crutch from one arm to the other, the opening of the particular drawer in which he fancied the treasure had been laid; but this was vacant as the rest. He could hardly restrain directing his exclamation of surprise to Marah, who looked astonished that *he* should be surprised. She questioned his face with her gaze, and he questioned hers, but it was the boy who blushed and whose eyes fell under her calm look as if he had been guilty of some wrong. She took away the empty portfolio, but Richard kept the papers, and Hugh asked his father if he would not intrust him with the little key.

"I will see that Ruby has it, papa, when she wants to use the cabinet."

"Certainly, my son, you may keep it if you have a fancy for doing so. I will give it to you when I have no further use for it; but if you take charge of it you will be held responsible, you know."

"Yes, I will not let it be lost," said Hugh, wishing he could take it at once; but he felt it was safe at least when he saw his father put it in his pocket and turn again to his papers. So absorbed did he seem that Hugh, who knew his face, saw this was not the time for making a revelation concerning the empty drawers.

Many hours had Richard spent alone in the little room where Hugh now left him, in examination of his brother's effects. From various apartments he gathered whatever seemed worth preserving, and brought piles of papers to this spot. Much was at once destroyed as of no importance; packages of old letters were passed back to Marah, and packed away for Ruby in case she should ever desire to see them, while all business documents were most carefully examined and filed ready for future use.

His brother had talked so freely with him that he could not be uncertain as to his general desires. But the brotherly confidence

had often been so wanting in explicitness and detail, that Richard had concluded a will would be found, embodying more definitely Robert's purposes and plans.

But up to the present time, notwithstanding all his search, no such document had been discovered. The lawyer from the nearest town, who had transacted other business for Robert, knew of no will. The old physician, with whom he had been on terms of friendly intimacy, had never heard him speak of one, and the exploration of the old desk seemed to destroy the last expectation. It remained, therefore, only to take the proper steps to secure the administration of the estate and the appointment of himself the legal, as he already was the natural, guardian of the person and property of his niece.

Absorbed as Richard was, yet he found time this same afternoon to take his ride on black Sancho, returning as usual with the mail. He no longer read his letters and responded to them in town; but brought back his parcel and his gloomy face, to the room where he had been occupied all day. He was very silent at dinner, and Hugh's attempts at conversation met with but slight response either from his father or his cousin.

Robert's death should have brought daughter and brother nearer to each other; but sorry as Richard felt for Ruby he somehow hated to see her in pain. She did not reproach him, for he had done nothing worthy of reproach, and yet her presence reminded him that he had half doubted her right to his love, and half wished the right did not exist. In her own mind, there lingered such a sharp regret for the loss of her last day with her father, as made a kind of barrier between them. She did not mean to be unreasonable. She knew Uncle Dick had taken her out from kindness, and because her papa wished it, and that last thought quieted all resentment. Yet, somehow, she seemed to herself still under the impetus of that instant when she wheeled her horse and rode away from him as fast as she could go. Since that moment, when he told her her father was dead, the distance between them seemed ever growing wider, until now she felt as if to meet him she must go a long way back.



She could not have put it in words, and he spoke and looked most kindly at her, yet between them there was a great gulf fixed. If she could have broken down before him as she did before Hugh and Marah, and have talked of her love for her father, or if he could have shown her his hurt in the loss of his brother, the gulf might have been bridged by these revelations. *Love* would have walked freely over from one heart to the other. And love was the good angel he needed, and just at this point in his life it might have been *all* he needed to have made him long to be indeed in Robert's place, and a father to his child; for the man's heart had known a dearth of love, and a surfeit of vexation and care, when more than most men he needed the influence of affection. To a man made as he was, wifely and filial devotion would have been a blessing beyond all price. Yet the real lovers of his had been a maiden *aunt*, an absent brother, and an invalid son. He would have had a daughter in Florence had she felt the need of a father. There was a time when he could have loved Robert's daughter dearly. Even now, if she could have turned to him with real trust and affection, he was capable of rising above the slow, subtle deterioration of the *finest* qualities of soul. His anxieties and embarrassments fed every ignoble suggestion, yet he possessed originally the capacity for chivalry and heroism. He was capable still of doing battle even against himself, and of guarding sacredly another's welfare,—if—if—only there were any motive strong enough to rouse all that was best in him into a resistance of insidious wrong. To do right because it was right, "hoping for nothing again," had never been the inmost principle of his life, nor was it wrought into the fiber of his being as the secret of its strength.

It would seem as if in the death of such a man as Robert, or in the life of such a boy as Hugh, there would have been every inspiration to affection and honor, and yet the man was in danger of losing both. Yet still the very fact of his wretchedness the while that black tempter was busy in his heart, proved there was much good to be displaced. If only

the girl could have clung to him, and looked to him for love and comfort, he could not have shaken her off nor put her out of his heart, and soon, nestling there, she would have found a home, and would have driven out whatever made it less fair than such a home should be. But how should she know this, poor child, shrinking from him day by day, hiding in his presence her sorrow for her father, and her grief at leaving home; avoiding him whenever she could do so, and silent when she could not? There was nothing in her present attitude toward him to appeal to his tenderness, and already she had an enemy in his mind, in the thought of how much less complicated all the present course would be if she were not to be considered.

And Hugh, with unusual instinct and the quickened spiritual perceptions, which are born of a generous love, felt something of all this, and strove in every way to bring these together, who seemed so unconsciously drifting apart. He talked of Ruby to his father, who responded absently. He talked of his father to Ruby, who made no response whatever, and he talked to his one unfailing Friend about them both, meantime looking eagerly forward to the time when Aunt Patience should set every thing right that was wrong.

And thus the days had run on, until this one, when, after dinner, Richard, who had never once sat with his cigar on the veranda since his brother died, went directly to the chamber where his papers and letters awaited him. He took open letters from his pocket, and read and read them, with frowning brows and gloomy face. He was very restless, and walked from window to window, and, as the darkness crept upon him, leaned back in his chair, and sat absorbed in thought.

Bad news of misfortune to some financial venture had come by the mail,—no great blow, only one more leak in an already overburdened and straining ship; bad news from his wife, who fretfully bemoaned on paper, that she was left so long alone to bear the burden of feeble health and home care, and anxiety for Florence, whose infatuation for Harry Field was becoming quite marked.

This last was enough had the letters contained nothing else to have filled him with apprehension; for he had learned just before leaving home more of the young man's character and habits than he cared to tell Florence, unless her increased intimacy with him should force the revelation. He tore the letter into pieces, and threw it on the floor, and leaning his head on his hands was soon lost in thought. He would be glad to be home. With the visits and the social life under his eye, he could, he thought, counteract any progress made in this miserable flirtation, which he would not dignify by any more serious name. And Mrs. Thorn's accumulation of distresses, these he no longer allowed to weigh upon his mind. Most of them would have disappeared before new ones, ere his letter or himself could reach her.

"About her money?" Ah, yes, that was worth a thought, may be. Well, if she worried him on account of that, he must devise a way to return it. He could borrow at least from some one who would not have her power to harass him. Something stirred, or he fancied so, in Robert's room, as this suggestion was whispered to him. Was it only a little joyful flutter of black wings in his breast? Whatever it was, from within or without, it disturbed him, and took away his sense of being alone.

He rose hastily, and dropped the heavy drapery that hung in Italian fashion about the folding-door. In Robert's darkened room he could see nothing but the white, unused bed, and the outline of the empty couch by the window; but he was not, nevertheless, alone. A dark figure, seated on a low seat by the door, shrank closer to the wall as he dropped the curtain before the alcove, and almost before he had resumed his seat a slender hand pushed it aside, and a mournful, shadowy face peered in upon his solitude. It was easy enough to resume the broken line of thought, only now the severed chain seemed to link itself together again by some sudden memory of Marah.

It was a very strange story that Robert had told him, almost too strange to be true! It was a stranger story Marah had told him, yet he detected a leaning in his mind toward a

faith in it. His was a sharp, clear business mind, yet it did not discern the secret reasons for this leaning. Had any one, Aunt Patience for example, had the power to see what was going on within him, and had asked him if his faith in Marah's story were not born of his secret wish that it had been true, this wish modified, perchance, by the fact that Ruby did not seem to love him, he would have asserted indignantly his purity of nature. As if *he*, a man, could be affected in his judgment by the caprice of a child! And yet with all his knowledge, how little he knew of the subtle workings of his own heart, fast proving itself deceitful above all things. He told himself he more than half believed Marah's tale, because it revealed the true motherly instinct and was consistent with itself. Then she showed no evidence of insanity, her suspicion being only the natural outgrowth of her parental anxiety. Under the influence of mania, it would have been natural for her to suspect him, and she seemed to rely upon him with entire trust. Poor, pitiful soul! revealing to the angels, who read his thoughts, his weakness! He was even glad of this evidence of confidence on the part of a poor slave woman, for somehow it helped him to believe that he deserved the trust.

It was well, perhaps, that he did not catch the gleam of the eyes peering even now through the darkness, as if to read his inmost purpose, for his flattered self-love must have melted away under the burning gaze. But he saw nothing, heard nothing, save the inward voices that went on, asking, "What was to be done with Marah in the coming change?" He had promised Robert to bring about a separation. He had promised Marah to prevent one. He cared for both promises, and would keep both if the keeping accorded with his judgment; he would break both if—if he found a better way. It would be carrying out the spirit of his brother's wishes if he decided these problems for himself, and he would decide as the emergencies arose. For the present, he could see no reason why Marah should not go—yet—yet—circumstances might arise in which it would

be better—well—for—for Ruby, that Marah's watchful eye should not be always upon her affairs. For the present, he would let it be as it was; if the day came when he needed her she would be there. If the day came when she was an embarrassment he would devise a way out. Yet, if Robert had only left a will, and said in writing what he wished done about this and other things, it would have been better. Would it? After all, he was not so sure of that. For was not his own judgment better than Robert's? Was his financial experience to be of no service in the interests of his brother's estate? Robert had left a little schedule of his possessions, some of which Richard had found were deposited in the vaults of a bank in the nearest city. There was money and there were securities of various kinds. Evidently Robert had lived inexpensively, and made profitable investments. Yet as Richard thought over the line, and reflected that if the sums they represented had been in his hands, they would have multiplied again and again, and Ruby would have been a far richer heiress than she was to-day.

Some securities had depreciated already; but it was not yet too late to give them the benefit of financial skill. Then, there was the sum invested at the North. Altogether it was too much for a girl. Robert loved and trusted him. Why had he not consulted him, then, about the disposition of his wealth? Poor Robert! what did *he* know of great financial ventures and needs? What use could a woman, like Rubetta, have for such a fortune as this would be when he should have manipulated it for a few years? It was all a great mistake. Robert surely should have remembered there were others in the world,—Aunt Patience and Hugh. Why not Hugh? Somehow the thought of the boy breaking in upon his half-formed schemes was not a welcome one, so he quieted the pang it gave him with a fancy of how liberally he would deal with Rubetta. She should be protected and educated and dowered as never girl was dowered before. He even felt a little glow as if the estate were his own, and he were about to do a generous thing for Robert's child. *He* remembered others, if

Robert had not, himself among the number, though he did not consciously count himself in. He meant to be generous to dear Aunt Patience and Marah, and in doing so he knew he would be executing, *in spirit*, his brother's will. Ah, the nest-building must have gone on well, and the brood of evil thoughts have grown strong in his heart, when he could already feel a glow of pleasure in the thought of how considerate he would be, in bestowment of that which was not his own. He even felt a thrill of pride that he was not thinking of himself. Many men, whom he knew, would use such funds to retrieve their losses, secure their gains and relieve their own anxieties. He had intended to confide in Robert his own embarrassments, but just the hour had never come when Robert wanted to attend to business. If he had done this Robert would, he was sure, have longed to relieve him, would perhaps have willed him something outright. So, in fact, he was a martyr to his own forbearance, and if the worst should come—why he would, well—he would leave all that. "The worst had *not* come yet," and he sprang to his feet, uttering the last words aloud, and paced slowly up and down the room.

The moon that had been in its glory when Robert died was a full week older now, and had only risen high enough to fill the room with a weird and solemn light. The space was short for walking, and led from window to window, so that which ever way he turned he saw the spectral shadows of the trees upon the lawn. The wind stirred the boughs just enough to make the shadows sway and swing like something touched with a life, and he could not help remembering how they were flitting to and fro across the new-made grave in the cypress grove by the river. He stood and looked out, and his thoughts went back to the same path they had just been treading. It was all settled, and justly and fairly settled, too. Why must he start and shiver and doubt about it? Why was he so glad to be alone, yet half afraid he was not alone? Why must the momentary relief from care have in it a sting like remorse? He had done no human being a wrong.

Half impatient with himself he turned from the window and lighted the lamp. Its glare fell across the old cabinet, and he remembered that he meant to search it again. He was not satisfied; there might be papers there in compartments of which Marah did not know. The thought had come to him in the afternoon when he noticed how wide the spaces and how small the drawers, and he had therefore kept the key. Now he would see if his suspicions were correct.

Holding the light with one hand he had only begun his examination, when the curtain swept back, and Marah came noiselessly to his side. He started back, and for a moment the two confronted each other. She had seen his look in the afternoon as his eye ran over the desk, and she felt certain he would examine the spot again. She had watched for this, and she meant, if possible, to prevent the search. He was so startled by the suddenness of her approach that his hand trembled as he replaced the light. She noticed it, and said:

"I disturbed you, sir. Perhaps I ought not to have come in so abruptly; but I saw the light, and knew you must be here. I wanted to speak to you, Mr. Thorn."

He eyed her sharply, but made no reply. So she added:

"I need not interrupt you, sir. You were at Mrs. Thorn's desk."

"Yes," he said, abruptly; "I was going to look more closely for my brother's papers. I do not find them all, Marah. Perhaps you could help me," he added; "for doubtless you know the cabinet."

She hesitated, and he continued:

"I am convinced there are secret drawers here, and I shall find them if I have the desk taken to pieces, panel by panel."

"Yes, I know the cabinet," she said; "it was Mrs. Thorn's. She brought it with her from Italy. She used to take great delight in it, and kept her special treasures here. It had one secret drawer that she showed to me once, that I might tell to Rubetta if she did not live to show her."

"And have you shown it to her?"

"No, not yet; her father used it after his wife was gone."

"And where is it, Marah? Show me where it is. It may contain the very papers I have searched for so long."

She looked at him. How frankly and kindly he spoke, and yet why was she afraid to trust him? And he, from under his brows, was studying her face and asking himself "Why is it, when she answers all I ask with the frank sincerity of a child, that I can not for a moment trust?"

"I will show you," she said, and removing quickly one of the drawers, she touched a spring in the panel, revealing between the outer and inner lining a space quite large enough for a hand to pass. He uttered an exclamation, and at once drew forth a package, yellow and dust-stained and torn. Evidently it had not been disturbed for years. He looked at it curiously, striking it against the drawer, when it gave forth a shower of dust, and one paper fell unnoticed upon the floor.

"What can they be?" he said half to himself.

"I know," said Marah, "they are mine."

He held it in his hand, hesitating. She was a servant, yet he always felt in her presence as if she were a lady. She held her own hand out for the parcel, but timidly, studying his face all the time.

Hardly knowing what he did, with her eyes fixed upon him, he was about passing it to her when she drew back, saying:

"No, no; I will not take it. I know the package, for Mrs. Thorn told Mr. Thorn he was to put it away for me before she died. He showed it to me when he gave me my free papers, and told me he would put it here."

"Did you know what he did with it? Was it never taken out?"

"Not to my knowledge. He thought it was safe. Perhaps he forgot it. But," timidly, "he meant it should be mine, to take care of me the rest of my life."

"Yes, yes, I understand," for Richard remembered what he had overheard that night a week ago, when Robert said, "I provided for all your wants," yet he did not pass the papers at once to her. He could not resist looking at them. It was only a little parcel



of railway bonds, representing altogether no very large sum, but more than enough to provide a comfortable income for one woman. Moreover they were worth now far more than when they were put aside for her. He laid them on the table, and remarked with an assumption of indifference:

"This is enough to make you quite a rich woman, Marah."

"Is it? I do not need to be a rich woman, unless—unless it were for Ruby's sake."

"She will hardly need your treasures," he answered, half bitterly, remembering how rich the girl already was. "I do not know what you will do with them, unless, indeed—" but the sentence was unfinished, and his eyes fell to the ground before the look of intense and eager inquiry.

What he would have proposed she never knew, and he hardly knew himself, for his drooping eye fell on the paper that had fallen to the floor.

## RUSSIA AND THE RUSSIANS.

### FIRST PAPER.

THE circuit of the globe had been accomplished. On July 1, 1861, I had stood amid the palaces and mosques of Constantinople, and beheld the Sultan Abdul-Aziz Khan ride to the ancient Mosque of Eyoob, to gird on the sword of Osman, which, with the Turks, corresponds to the coronation of Western Monarchs. My homeward trip was then through Bulgaria, forever hereafter to be recalled as the scene of the atrocities whose horrors no human language is adequate to describe, and afterwards as the theater of one of the bloodiest wars of modern times. But now the homeward route lay up the Black Sea, and through European Russia. The *Juno* steamed from her anchorage, as the July sun threw his declining rays on the gilded crescent of dome and minaret. The waters of the Bosphorus were like a molten lake. On either side were green hills and lovely valleys, studded with marble palaces, elegant villas, imposing mosques, and venerable towers. Here and there were hamlets, Rumali-Hissar, Therapia and Buyukdereh on the European side, and Beikos, Sultanian and Kandilli on the Asian shore. There are found the splendid abodes of merchant princes, of foreign ambassadors, and of the high officials of the Empire. But rising above them all in glory and in hope, was the American college, from whose portals shall go forth those, by whose Christian culture the cross shall regain its ascendancy in

the land of the Sultans. How impossible to describe adequately the natural beauty of the scene, enhanced by the genius of man, which delights the eye of the traveler, as he dreamfully glides over the Bosphorus. For variety of outline, for the combination of the grand and beautiful, for the charming surprises that thrill the soul with pleasurable emotions, it is without a rival on all the earth.

It was in the evening twilight when we entered the troubled waters of the Black Sea. For a day and two nights we were on this inland sea, whose superficial area is estimated at 180,000 square miles. More than 700 miles in length from East to West, its extreme breadth is 400 miles on the 31st meridian. With a coast-line of 2,000 miles, it receives the waters of the Danube, the Dnieper, the Dniester, and the Don, and thereby drains a territory in Europe and Asia of not less than a 1,000,000 square miles. Whether the name by which it is called in modern times was suggested to terrified mariners by its tremendous thunder storms and violent waterspouts, or by the dark fogs which often veil its bosom, its natural color corresponds with its recognized designation. It is *black*. There is but one Island in the whole sea, called "Serpent Isle," about thirty miles from the mouth of the Danube, which was once a shrine, and contained a temple. As we passed this



green spot, we chanted a canto from Byron's Prisoner of Chillon :

"And then there was a little isle,  
Which in my face did smile,  
The only one in view ;  
A small green isle, it seemed no more,  
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,  
But in it there were three tall trees,  
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,  
And by it there were waters flowing  
And on it there were young flowers growing,  
Of gentle breath and hue."

Familiar to the ancients as it is to us, the Black Sea has a naval history of thrilling import; Greeks and Persians, Turks and Russians, French and English, have acted the events of that history. By the Paris treaty of 1856, all ships of war, belonging to whatever nation, were excluded from its waters; but Russia has of late disregarded that treaty, and to-day her navy floats thereon. The Czar is now the monarch of this sea, and bids defiance to the enfeebled successor of Osman.

#### ODESSA.

The city of Odessa, four hundred miles from Constantinople, is at once the chief commercial port and a thoroughly Russian city. It was in the twilight of the morning of the second day when we landed on Russian soil, and stood within the walls of Odessa. The elegance of the city is due to the genius of Emanuel de Richelieu, a French emigrant, who was its first governor, in 1830, and whose statue in bronze is at the top of the grand staircase, which leads to the gardens and to the sea. The streets are broad and well paved; the buildings are large and elegant; the churches are immense, and ornamented to excess; and every-where there is an air of wealth. At evening the splendid boulevard which runs along the sea was thronged with persons of all ranks. The ladies were fashionably dressed, but many of the men had a decidedly Russian appearance. Chief among the public buildings is the "University of New Russia," established in 1865, and is worthy of its name. The Public Library is well supplied, and in its Museum is a relic which can never fail to awaken recollections of one of the noblest of men. It is a japanned flat candlestick, once the property of the philanthropist Howard. His remains lie mouldering on

the shores of the Black Sea, near Kherson. His last words to his friend Priestman have been fulfilled. "Let no monument or monumental inscription whatever mark the spot where I am buried; lay me quietly in the earth, place a sun-dial over my grave, and let me be forgotten." He can never be forgotten, but those who pass by his tomb in its lonely place, are alike ignorant of his virtues and his name.

Of the two hundred thousand citizens of Odessa eighty thousand are Russians, fifty thousand Jews, ten thousand Germans, fifteen thousand Greeks, fifteen thousand Turks, ten thousand Italians, and twenty thousand French, English, and Americans. The commerce of the port is large and valuable. The import and exports are estimated at over seventy millions in gold *per annum*. Although American petroleum is a large factor in the imports, yet it may be interesting to the denizens of "Oil City" to know that on the shores of the Caspian Sea there are immense wells of Russian petroleum. It abounds at Baku, in the South-eastern Caucasus, and in the north-western corner of the Caucasus, at Taman. At the latter place the supply seems to be inexhaustible, and that found at the former place is equal to *our best*. The crude article can be bought there for thirty cents per barrel, and is now sold in Moscow and St. Petersburg, at one dollar and a half per pood, or six gallons. One thing, however, is favorable to the American trade; the Russians are slow at present to invest capital in the outlay necessary to bring their petroleum into market, and until then we can let our light shine.

#### RUSSIAN RAILROADS

are equal to the best in the world. Within the past dozen years they have been constructed from the Caspian to the Baltic, from the Black Sea to the Gulf of Bothnia, and from the Volga on the East, to the Vistula on the West; so that in ninety hours, you can travel in a palace car through the Empire, from the Crimea to the capital of Finland. And while I was in St. Petersburg, the Czar gave his royal sanction to the construction of two additional roads extending into Siberia.

ria, that depository of untold mineral and metallic wealth. One of the two extends from Moscow, *via* Vladimir, Novgorod, Kazan, to Ekatarinburg on the Ural Mountains. The other, starting from Moscow, runs to the south, *via* Riazan, Morshansk, Samara, to Orenburg, and thence down to Turkistan, Bokhara, and Khiva, territories in Asiatic Russia. And when these lines are completed, they will not only connect St. Petersburg and Moscow with Siberia, but Siberia with the Baltic. It may be a little gratifying to our national pride, that we not only construct the locomotives which are used on all these roads, but it was an American who first called the attention of the Ministry of Ways and Communications to the fact, that within one hundred and eighty miles of St. Petersburg, anthracite coal could be found in sufficient quantity to feed all the locomotives of the continent for centuries to come.

#### KIEF.

On a beautiful morning in the middle of July, we took the train for Kief, the ancient capital of the empire. The road is well made; the cars were of sheet-iron, and those of the "first-class" were elegantly furnished. The stations *en route* were frequent, and substantially constructed. The refreshment-rooms were large, clean, and well supplied, and the prices reasonable withal. The section of country through which we passed was an unbroken prairie, known as the Russian *steppes*. Thereon were wheat and corn in great abundance. As we advanced, the land consisted of rolling prairie, covered with grain. Toward evening we passed forests of oak and chestnut. The villages through which we rode were the homes of the emancipated serfs, whose dwellings were low and covered with thatched roofs. Men and women were in the field working side by side. At each station the number of passengers increased. Some were of the nobility, some of the middle class, but the majority were peasants. And this was true of all the countries in the East through which I traveled. The peasants are the patrons of railroads.

After a ride of twenty-four hours from Odessa, we were in Kief, and took rooms in

the Grand Hotel, not inferior to the best in America. The city is on the right bank of the Dnieper, the "Jerusalem of Russia," and one of the most beautiful and renowned cities in the empire. The streets are broad, the dwellings are elegant, the stores are large, and were filled with every article known to civilized life. The people who promenaded the smooth bituminous sidewalks or rode in their superb carriages, were elegantly attired. The population is not far from one hundred thousand, composed of many nationalities.

Kief is a thousand years old, and the most remarkable of the Russian sees. For hundreds of years it belonged to the Polish crown. The older inhabitants are Ruthenians, and their manners are those of the Poles. Its history dates back to the arrival of two Norman Knights, Askold and Dyr, who left Novgorod for conquest. With a fleet of two hundred vessels, they then sailed along the Dnieper to the Black Sea, and reached Constantinople—then Byzantium, where the knights embraced Christianity. In 882 they were murdered by Oleg, who determined that Kief should be the "mother of Russian towns." Under the Grand Duke Vladimir, in 995, Christianity was introduced into Russia, and Kief became the cradle of that Church which has shaped into its own likeness every quality of Russian political and domestic life. A glance at the map will show the geographical importance of this famous inland city. She touches Poland on the right, flanks Galicia and Moldavia, and fronts towards the Bulgarians, the Montenegrins and Servians. Russia can step from her own soil upon that where the Turko-Servian war but just now raged.

Kief is a city of three parts, Podol—the commercial, Vich Gorod—the imperial, Pechorsk—the sacred. But the glory of Kief is the *sacred*. It is a city of legends, of churches, of monasteries, and catacombs. Fifty thousand pilgrims come in Summer to her shrines. Within her catacombs lie more than one hundred hermits. Here is preserved the skull of St. Vladimir, of whom it is said, "his flesh is pure, his skin uncroached and the odor sweet."

Within an immense fortress are the Cathedral and the monastery of Pecherskoi. The entrance is through a gateway ornamented with pictures of St. Anthony and St. Theodosius, the first abbots of the monastery. In the center of the great inclosure is the Cathedral of St. Sophia, crowned with seven cupolas, connected by golden chains and a superb belfry three hundred feet high, wherein are many bells, and, on the smaller ones, the "quarters" were softly struck. On the exterior of the structure are representations of celestial saints, and on the façade is a pictorial scene of great beauty. The interior is all that art and wealth could produce or devotion inspire. Scriptural scenes are portrayed upon the walls; gold and silver are applied to all decorative purposes, producing a resplendent effect; and a thousand lamps ever burn over the many splendid shrines.

On either side of the Church are the dormitories of the Russian monks. On the right is the refectory, wherein many lay and clerical pilgrims were being fed, while a monk read to them the Gospel for the day; but the stomach and not the soul was their uppermost thought. In the rear of the church is an immense printing-office, for the publication of all the religious books known to the Greek Church.

At the base of the precipitous cliff which overhangs the Dnieper are the Catacombs of St. Anthony. An old monk, with a long, gray beard, unlocked the iron door, and placing a lighted taper in the hand of each, commanded us to follow. The labyrinth is six feet high, and just wide enough to permit a person to pass. The surface of the rock was blackened by the torches of former pilgrims. On either side of the winding way were niches wherein were the forms of the dead. Some were in silver caskets, others in plain wooden ones. The coffins were open and we could see the forms of the departed abbots and monks, wrapped in their priestly robes, embroidered with gold and silver. Their stiffened hands and feet were so disposed as to receive the devotional kisses of the pilgrims; and on the breast of some were written their names and deeds of char-

ity done. Within a large niche were two forms side by side, and over it hung a costly silver lamp which ever burns. As we threaded our way through this ghastly place, we came to openings in the wall a foot square, inclosed by a glass-door, over which hung a small lamp. Strange, yet true, there the self-immolated martyrs had built the stone-wall around them, leaving only these small openings through which to receive their food, till life became extinct. It was a horrid sight to look upon their bony faces within their stone coffins, yet the Russian pilgrim deemed it efficacious to pray at each shrine.

Returning to God's glorious sunshine and fresh air, we went to the balcony which overhangs the river, and there had a view of the magnificent valley of the Dnieper. The broad, winding, quiet river; the rich green fields, extending beyond the reach of vision, imparted a sense of sweet repose to the soul. Here we had a full view of the Nicholas Suspension Bridge, over the Dnieper, which is six thousand seven hundred and fifty-five feet in length; built at a cost of one million eight hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars in gold, and is one of the grandest triumphs of engineering art in the world.

The day was charming on which we left Kief for Moscow. The journey by rail occupied thirty-four hours. The road was in excellent condition, and the cars were all that we could desire. Our route lay through a rich agricultural region of grain and grass. The peasant men and women were in the fields merrily singing their harvest songs, whose joyousness was enhanced by the consciousness of freedom. During our long ride, I observed that the railroad is not constructed through the towns *en route*, but along their suburbs; but sufficiently near for convenience. These villages consist of thatched-roof houses, each with a double window; and no matter how poor the place, the Greek Church, with tower and dome, is there with portals open to the people, and is the most conspicuous object in view. Among the passengers was Prince Woronzoff, Aid-de-Camp to the Emperor, with

whom I had a long and interesting conversation. He was well posted in American affairs, and, just like a Russian, expressed his great admiration for the United States. I was curious to learn the inspiration of this admiration, which is by no means uncommon with the ruling minds in Russia. Having a prince of the empire for a companion in conversation, I determined to ascertain its source. The prince was communicative, and I improved the occasion. He is a representative of *New Russia*, and favors the wonderful modifications of State policy which have brought Russia to the front. The inspiration of these beneficent changes has come from our example as a great and successful free country. When great reforms were proposed and opposed, an appeal was made to us by the young men of the empire, and our example was sufficiently potent to secure the desired reforms. This may account in part for the very friendly relationship between the Russian autocracy and the American Republic. But I ascertained that there was another reason for this good fellowship. The Russians look to us for sympathy in their struggle in the settlement of the Eastern Question. They know that we have more missionaries, more church property, more mission schools within the Turkish Empire than any other nation; and that we have felt the power of Moslem bigotry and persecution more than any other Christian people. In the unforeseen complications which must arise, our mission interests will probably be involved, and redress demanded.

In this particular they may not be mistaken, as when I was in Constantinople two years ago, the American minister felt compelled to say to the Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs: "If you will not protect our missionaries in their legitimate work, we will do it ourselves." It is reasonable therefore that Russia counts upon our sympathy, and she is right in so doing. We know that Russia is the only European power which has a well defined policy as to the emancipation of the Danubian Principalities from the iron heel of Moslem despotism, and the sure and final expulsion of the Turkish

Bourbons from the soil of Europe. We are one with Russia in this contest.

At midnight we reached Kursk, prettily situated on the river Tuskor, near its junction with Seim. Here we changed cars for Moscow direct. The next morning we breakfasted at Orel, founded by Ivan the Terrible, for the defense of the Grand Duchy of Moscow against the Tartars. It is now a famous cattle market, and there is produced much of the tallow exported from Russia. During the early part of the day we passed a hilly country, dotted with forests, with here and there vast plains covered with grain. The soil is not so rich as in the south; but the towns are more numerous and the population is more dense. At noon we stopped at the large manufacturing town of Tula, the Russian Birmingham and Sheffield combined. It is noted for its manufactories of fire-arms and hardware. Its churches are numerous, and their gilded towers shone resplendent in the noonday sun. Not far from the village are rich coal and iron mines, which contribute prosperity to the place; and also limestone rocks, wherein are found very peculiar petrifications.

It was at sunset, when, for the first time, we saw Moscow, which, since boyhood has been a charm to me. The grand tower of Ivan and the magnificent dome of St. Sophia, enhanced the pleasure of our approach. Crossing the Moskva, we drove to Mr. Billet's hotel, where we found comfortable quarters at a high price.

The Russians love Moscow. It is the idol of every Russian heart. Her shrines are to him the holiest in the empire, hallowed by seven centuries of historical associations. But grand and holy as it is, it has suffered from the sword, the torch, and the plague. Three hundred years ago, it was nearly consumed by fire, in which two thousand of its citizens perished. Fifty years later, the Tartars fired the suburbs, and one hundred thousand of its inhabitants perished by the flames and by the sword. A hundred years ago, the fatal plague so reduced its population that it never regained its former proportions. Within our own century, and to save it from plunder by the French,



the people gave up their beautiful city to the flames, the grandest sacrifice ever made to national pride. But when the French retreated, the city was rebuilt, and is to-day "a thing of beauty." Its too frequent reconstruction is the cause of the irregularity every-where apparent. Only a few of the streets are straight; a palace and a hovel, a state building and a store, a splendid church and a small hotel, adjoin each other, and the rich and the poor are nearest neighbors. Nothing is more noticeable and attractive than the display of colors, red, white, green, gold, and silver, with which the public and private buildings are ornamented. Rome has long been celebrated as the "city of churches," having one for each day in the year, and an additional one for leap-year; but Moscow can boast of nearly four hundred temples dedicated to religion. Although the circumvallation of the city is more than twenty English miles, yet the objects of interest to a traveler are confined within narrow limits. The Moskva flows through the city, spanned by noble bridges, and along its banks are beautiful lawns, shaded by noble trees.

On the morning after our arrival we started for the Kremlin, around which cluster so many historical associations. As we were leaving our hotel, a long and sad procession passed in review before us. It was composed of prisoners on their way to the felons' colony in Siberia. Each one of the hundred felons was heavily ironed, and all were bound to a common chain which extended through the center of the double line. Some were old, some were young, some were accompanied by their families. A few women marched in the rear of that sad procession, and behind them were several wagons loaded with furniture and children. Rather than be separated from their husbands and fathers the women and children had accepted the permission of the government to go into voluntary banishment. We were soon standing before strong walls of the Kremlin, and entered through the St. Nicholas gate, over which is suspended the image of the saint, "the dread of perjurers and the comforter of suffering humanity." In former

times, litigants were sworn before this venerated image. Through this gate Napoleon and his army passed in 1812. This is one of the five gates that penetrate the walls of the Kremlin, which has a circumference of seven thousand two hundred and eighty feet. Having entered this memorable inclosure we passed at once to the Tower of Ivan, or John the Great. On our way we saw the French cannon captured in 1812, and beyond was the big gun of Moscow, weighing forty tons, with an elaborately ornamented carriage, in front of which was a lion's head, whose open mouth breathed defiance at the approaching foe.

At the base of the Tower of Ivan we paused to examine the great bell of Moscow, which is surmounted with a globe and a cross. What a history has this bell! Cast in the reign of Boris Godunoff, it fell and was broken in the reign of Alexis. It was recast in 1654, and weighed two hundred and eighty-eight thousand pounds. Twenty years later it was suspended from a wooden beam, where it remained for eighty years, when it again fell, and its fragments lay on the ground for thirty-three years, when by order of the Empress Anne it was recast. During a fire which occurred four years later, it had another fall, when its side was knocked out, and it remained buried in the earth till 1836, when the Emperor Nicholas had it placed upon its present pedestal. Its present weight is four hundred and forty-four thousand pounds, its height is nineteen feet three inches, and its circumference is sixty feet nine inches. It is two feet thick, and the weight of the broken piece is about eleven tons. The exterior is ornamented in relief by representations of the Emperor Alexis and the Empress Anne, of the Savior and his mother, and of the evangelists, surrounded by angels.

The Russians have a passion for bells, which they ring not to make melody nor produce harmony, but to make a noise. As we ascended the Tower of Ivan, which is three hundred and twenty-five feet high and consists of five stories, we counted not less than thirty-four bells. The largest, called the "Assumption Bell," weighs sixty-four



tons. In the highest story are two silver bells, presented by Catherine II, and have an exquisite tone. The most ancient of all the bells in this tower bears date 1550.

From the summit of the tower we had a commanding and entrancing view of Moscow. At our feet was the Cathedral of St. Michael, wherein the ancient czars are buried; the Cathedral of the Annunciation, whose roof and nine towers are covered with gold; the imperial palace, resplendent with gold ornamentations, and its chapel with twelve golden turrets; the Cathedral of the Assumption, at whose altar the czars are crowned and whose massive dome seemed like a mass of gold. Each of the five gates of the Kremlin was visible. Beyond was the Cathedral of St. Basil, built by Ivan the Terrible, in commemoration of his sons; the spacious Foundling Hospital, with its twelve thousand children; the Simonoff Monastery, whose imposing tower is three hundred and thirty feet high; hundreds of parish churches with cupola and turret met our gaze; the Moskva winding quietly among the hills, and far away to the north-east were the Sparrow Hills, from the summit of which the French first saw and shouted "Moscow!" Returning to the pavement, we entered the Cathedral of the Archangel Michael, a high, square structure, built in 1505, and crowned with nine gilded domes. It is the mausoleum of the Russian emperors down to Peter the Great. To the right of the *Ikonostas* is the coffin of Ivan the Terrible, placed between the coffins of his two sons. The altar-screen is very grand; one of the shrines contains a drop of the blood of John the Baptist!

A few steps brought us to the Cathedral of the Annunciation, at whose altar the emperors are baptized and married. The pavement is of jasper and agate, but thereon the French stabled their horses. Within the portico is a fine representation of the Greek Philosophers, as heralds of the Messiah. And it was outside of this church that Ivan the Terrible, when reduced by his transgressions of the canon law to the state of a catechumen, was compelled to listen to the mass celebrated within. Crossing

the smooth pavement, we entered the Cathedral of the Assumption, wherein the Russian emperors are coronated, and within which are the tombs of the primates of the Greek Church. Built some time in the fourteenth century, it is a noble structure of the Byzantine and Lombard style. High in the cupola is the chapel where, as at the summit of the Russian Church, the primates were elected. In a small chapel to the left of the *Ikonostas* are preserved the traditional nail of the true cross, and a portion of the Savior's robe, which were being presented for the kisses of the people as we passed through. In the altar screen is a picture of the Virgin, said to have been painted by St. Luke, the jewels in the frame of which are valued at two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in gold. One of the emeralds is worth fifty thousand dollars. This is the most ancient picture in Russia. Here also is a Bible presented by the mother of Peter the Great, which is so large and is so thickly studded with emeralds and other precious stones, that it weighs one hundred pounds and requires two men to carry it. While on all the piers, the walls, and ceiling there is a rich display of frescoes on a gold ground. I was most interested in the silver coffin of the Metropolitan Peter, who dared to reprove the emperor, Ivan the Terrible, for his sins, and did so in this very cathedral. He fell a martyr to his fidelity, but the people revere his memory. A portion of his forehead an inch in diameter is exposed to view, which the czar and his people tenderly kiss. Adjoining this cathedral is the Sacristy, which is the depository of the magnificent robes and miters of the Russian primates. Here we saw a vestment of crimson velvet, embroidered all over with large pearls, plates of gold, and studded with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, almandines, and garnets. This gorgeous pontifical robe of the Metropolitan Denys weighs fifty-four pounds. In another room we saw the miter of the Patriarch Job, which is so richly adorned with sapphires, pearls, diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, that it weighs five and one-half pounds, and is the most valuable of the seven there preserved. In a third room we saw the three

large vessels in which is prepared the chrism, or sacred oil, used in the baptism of Russian children, in the consecration of churches, and at the coronation of the emperors. It is composed of thirty different elements, such as olive oil, white wine, and a variety of aromatic gums. When the priest baptizes a child, he dips a feather into the oil, and then anoints the eyes, that he may only see good; the ears, that he may only admit what is pure; the mouth, that he may speak what becomes a Christian; the hands, that he may do no wrong; and the feet that he may walk in the paths of virtue. These curious things were interesting to me as illustrative of the religious life of Russia and as indices of the degree of vital Christianity in the Greek Church. Rome has nothing to boast over Byzantium, and Byzantium can not glory over Rome. Both are sinfully superstitious in faith and practice.

From the splendor of cathedrals and the sacredness of pious relics we turned to an institution of practical charity. Taking a carriage we drove to the Foundling Hospital, founded by Catherine the Great, and is now supported by the government at an annual outlay of one million dollars in gold. It is an immense structure, beautifully situated, and is managed with the regularity of clock-work, under the supervision of a medical staff and a large corps of female nurses. Not less than twelve thousand infants are annually admitted, and are retained for four weeks, when they are placed in the care of nurses from the neighboring villages, who receive one dollar and twenty-five cents a month for the care of the little ones committed to their charge, under the supervision of the doctor of the district. But this part of the administration of the institution is a mistake, as fifty per cent of the children die before the age of one year, and only about a quarter of the whole number arrive at maturity. This sad result is attributed to the coarse fare of the peasant nurses and their neglect of the children. The children admitted to the hospital are not found in the streets, nor are they left at the door of the building, but are openly taken there either by their mothers or some kind friend. On

the day after its admission the child is baptized, received into the Church, and is named after the officiating priest. The infant is then placed in charge of its foster parent, who is the woman that happens to stand, at the moment, at the head of the long procession of peasant women who are in attendance.

The boys of this institution are exempt from military service and from certain taxes. While the majority of them become farmers, four hundred are brought up in the industrial and medical schools of Moscow. Many of the girls are trained as nurses. In case a girl marries in the village where she has been reared, and that before attaining her majority, she receives an outfit. On the register of this asylum are the names of two boys sent there by the Emperor Napoleon. Adjoining this orphans' home is a lying-in hospital, in which more than two thousand women have recourse annually to its secret wards. Great as are these charities, they are very suggestive to the Christian moralist and student of social science.

On our return we visited the Cathedral of St. Basil the Beatified, erected by Ivan the Terrible, in memory of his two sons, whom he had murdered. It is a grotesque structure, with eleven domes, each different in design and color, and each containing a chapel dedicated to some saint. The architect was an Italian, whose eyes were put out by command of the emperor that he might not equal or surpass this edifice. Within the church is the shrine of St. Basil, and near it we saw the heavy chains he wore for penance. And here also are relics sacred to the memory of "John the Idiot," sometimes called the "Water-carrier," and "Big Cap," because he carried water for others and because he wore a heavy iron cap on his head for the penance he imposed upon himself. The Russian people religiously compassionate idiocy and other cases of mental aberration. Beggars of this class are every day seen in Moscow. From the Church of St. Basil we visited the famous Iberian Gate, where we saw the celebrated picture of the "Mother of God," brought from Mount Athos, in the reign of Alexis,

and considered to be of miraculous efficacy. Here hundreds of Russian worshippers were kneeling, and the annual contributions amount to fifty thousand dollars in gold.

On re-entering the Kremlin, we passed through the *Porta Sacra*, over which is a picture of the Redeemer of Smolensk, held in such high veneration by the people that all who pass through this portal, whether emperor or peasant, must uncover his head. I did. Hastening across the Kremlin, we entered the grand palace, which is worthy of Russia, and wherein are many objects of interest to the traveler. It represents the wealth and genius of the empire. Herein the emperor sits enthroned after his coronation, surrounded by his nobles and foreign ambassadors. In a glass case are contained the coronation robes of the present emperor and empress; and here, also, are preserved the crowns of Russia's sovereigns. The most costly of them all is the one worn by the Empress Anne, studded with two thousand five hundred and thirty-six diamonds, and a magnificent ruby brought from Pekin in 1676. And it was here that the great Napoleon and his marshals resided after he had entered Moscow; and as relics of the great French captain, two camp-bedsteads which belonged to him, and which were captured at Berezina, are preserved as trophies of war.

The coming and going of the French is a subject of conversation with the citizens of Moscow as though they were the occurrences of yesterday. Those who were eye-witnesses of those great events will entertain you for hours with the recital of their still vivid recollections. To commemorate the retreat of the French, the czar is now completing the Temple of the Savior, which, when finished, will be the grandest structure of the kind on all the earth. It was commenced thirty-five years ago, and will require six years for its completion. Built of sandstone, it is square with lateral projections. The exterior is adorned with noble colossal figures in relief, representing Scriptural and national histories. the façade is toward the south, and high up above all the other figures is one to represent our Savior. On

each of the four sides are massive bronze doors cast in bas-relief. It is crowned with four turrets and a glorious dome, incased with gold, which sparkles in the sunlight like ten thousand diamonds. The interior will be superbly grand. The floor and walls and piers are covered with Labrador stone, capable of the highest polish, and on the walls in the rear of the high altar is the most beautiful malachite ever made. On the interior of the vast dome are pictures worthy the pencil of Raphael the Divine.

Our visit to this memorial temple awakened a desire to stand on the Sparrow Hills, from which the oncoming French first saw the goal of their ambition. It was a drive of eight miles through a charming section of country. *En route* we passed the Home and School for the children of poor merchants, erected by their prosperous brethren, the Hospital of Moscow, the House of Correction, the Hospital of Prince Gollitsen, the Palace of Baron Rozen, and the Villa of the empress. On one of the hills is the old parish church which stood there when the French came. When we arrived the peasants were marching in procession to replace in the church the sacred banners and symbols, which they had placed in the fields to secure a good harvest. On one of the panels of that old church is the most remarkable likeness of the Savior I ever saw. It entranced me, and I found it difficult to withdraw.

On another of the hills is a small building for the accommodation of travelers. From its balcony we had a most extraordinary view—the beautiful hills, the Maidens' Fields, the quiet Moskva, the Convent, wherein Sophia, sister of Peter the Great, was imprisoned, and wherein she is buried; the Smolensk road, by which the French approached; and Moscow in the distance, like a vast semicircle, with all its palaces and domed cathedrals, and, rising above all other objects in glory, was the Church of our Savior. Happily a thunder-storm occurred, which added to the charm of the vision. Out of the dark clouds which had enshrouded Moscow the city emerged slowly into the sunlight, and then shone with resplendent

luster the great golden dome of that temple of victory, with the black clouds for a background. It was the dome of glory. Such in part must have been the view which met the eye of Napoleon and his army as they stood on these same hills. They had trav-

ersed the dreary plains of Lithuania, and, fighting with fearful loss up to this spot, they saw the limit of their long career, and the weary legions, unable to suppress their joy, shouted:

"Moscow! Moscow!"

## ROBERT POLLOK AND HIS TIMES.

IN the early Spring of 1827, a tall and well proportioned young man of dark complexion, dark set eyes, heavy eyebrows, and black, bushy hair—apparently less than thirty years of age, and in his very demeanor betokening the thoughtful and retired student—was seen in the modern Athens of Northern Europe, making his way to a small and unpretentious house in a by-way, which every body in Edinburgh then knew as the home of "Christopher North," alias Professor John Wilson, the reputed editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*.

Ten years previously this now world-renowned periodical had been started as the champion of Tory principles, in opposition to the *Edinburgh Review*. The first editor of the "magazine," the amiable and talented Thomas Pingle, was a Whig, and was, therefore, obliged to abandon its management after the publication of a few numbers. This was the first mishap to the new venture. Then came a disruption and controversy between Constable and Blackwood, the publishers of the two rival periodicals, in which several of their writers took part. On the side of Blackwood, Professor Wilson, in company with Hogg and Lockhart—three very brilliant authors of that period—engaged most earnestly. For a time this controversy threatened to become the death stroke of the magazine.

One day, however, the tide turned in favor of the new enterprise and put its existence beyond doubt. A production called "The Chaldee MS.," appeared, the remarkable wit of which, notwithstanding the profanity in which it abounded, attracted universal attention, and nobody in Edinburgh could afford to say he had not read the "The Chaldee MS." Its first draught in the rough had been gotten

up by Hogg, generally called the "Ettrick Shepherd," in which form it is said to have scarcely amounted to more than a third of its published bulk; but the idea being reckoned a happy one, it was expanded chiefly, as has been supposed, by Wilson and Lockhart, until it finally grew into an article that raised the public excitement into an absolute uproar.

After the storm had been successfully weathered, the character of the magazine, notwithstanding its manifold trespasses, which on more than one occasion led to cudgeling and even to bloodshed, continued to grow in reputation, until it reached the highest rank in the world of literature and criticism. Edinburgh finally afforded one organ for the "blue and yellow," and another for the old "ebony." The one favored taste and judgment; the other originality and literary beauty—the one seeking to improve things, having no great reverence for the wisdom of the ancients, and looking forward to the future with considerable coolness, and with indifference toward religion; the other liking things as they are, having a profound reverence for old customs and feudal castles, and speaking highly of the forms of religion, as established by law and custom.

How every body wished to know the veiled editor, under whose remarkable management all the success of the "magazine" had been achieved! The question was a universal one, and the answer generally given, "John Wilson." The high reputation he had already won, and his well-known connection with Maga, made the public voice single him out in preference to all the other writers by whom its pages were enriched.



It was a natural mistake, but a mistake after all; for this important part of the business was retained by the publisher himself, familiarly called Ebony, who selected the articles, corresponded with the contributors, and discharged all the business duties of the editorship. But the living soul and literary spirit was John Wilson. He gave the winds and the sails to the vessel, so that in spite of every declamation, he was proclaimed by the public voice the editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*.

The young man whom we introduced to the reader at the opening of this article was Robert Pollok, then a licentiate of the Scotch Session's Church. Just before he received his license he had finished a poem entitled, "The Course of Time," which describes the spiritual life and destiny of man, and varies religious speculation with episodic pictures and narratives to illustrate the effects of virtue or vice. A work so ambitious from the pen of a country student, attached to a small body of dissenters, was not favorably regarded by the publishers, and the aspirant for bard's honors finally decided to enlist the sympathy or secure the ultimate verdict of the man who in all Edinburgh was esteemed as the most competent critic of the day. It has been said of Professor Wilson that he was possessed of an outer and inner man,—the one shrewd, bitter, observant, and full of untamed energy; the other calm, graceful, and meditative—all conscience and tender heart. "This morning Wilson's tender heart controlled. As the enthusiastic ardor of the young poet dared to exert itself to secure a favorable consideration, and from his face, 'sickled o'er with the pale cast of thought,' the smothered light which burned in his dark orbs flashed with a meteoric brilliancy, as he read line after line of his poem extending over ten books and covering in print over three hundred pages, the great essayist and poet and philosopher listened with the most profound attention and subdued admiration."

That the poem stood well the test of a reading was its greatest evidence of merit. For inasmuch as verse is for the ear, not

for the eye, we demand a good hearing of a poem—namely, music. The heart of poetry is indeed truth, but its garments are music, and the garments come first in the process of revelation. The music of a poem is its meaning in sound as distinguished from word—its meaning in solution, as it were, uncrystallized by articulation. The music goes before the fuller revelation, preparing its way. The sound of a verse is the harbinger of the truth contained therein. If it be a right poem, this will be true. It will be found impossible to separate the music of the poet's words from the music of the thought which takes shape in their sound. And the gift it enwraps at once and reveals, is truth of the deepest.

Pollok's mind had been evidently imbued with "Paradise Lost," and he had followed Milton often to the verge of direct imitation; but notwithstanding this the poem betrayed force and originality enough to betoken the rising of a new star on the poetical firmament, and Wilson fancied that in the young man before him he beheld heaven's appointed successor of the but recently expired Henry Kirke White (died 1806), in whom all England had hoped to enjoy the Christian bard, "by God's grace," of the nineteenth century, and to whose genius Byron could pay this brilliant apostrophe:

"Unhappy White! when life was in its Spring,  
And thy young muse just waved her joyous wing,  
The spoiler swept that soaring lyre away,  
Which else had sounded an immortal lay."

Of course Pollok's poem was admitted to the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine*. It attracted such general attention that it was reprinted, and rapidly passed through several editions. It was a novelty in the class of evangelical religious literature to which it belonged, and besides pleasing those who are partial to that class of literature, it was a boon to many who are inclined to read religious books, but are repulsed by their general dryness and insipidity, while it was warmly admired by the literary world at large. Pollok's partial admirers expected for him a place on a level with Milton. After the novelty of such a phenomenon had, however, passed off, the book became neg-



lected by purely literary readers; and at this day it may be said that it is estimated too highly by the religious and perhaps too insignificantly by the literary world. It is certainly a work of great power, however meager in fancy. There are many flashes of original genius which light up the crude and unwieldy design, and atone for the narrow range of thought and knowledge, as well as for the stiff pomposity that pervades the diction. There are in it many passages which are strikingly and most poetically imaginative, and some of which are beautifully touching.

Here is Pollok's delineation of what all would possess, but only few secure—true happiness:

"True happiness had no localities;  
No tones provincial; no peculiar garb.  
Where duty went, she went; with justice went;  
And went with meekness, charity, and love.  
Where'er a tear was dried; a wounded heart  
Bound up; a bruised spirit with the dew  
Of sympathy anointed; or a pang  
Of honest suffering soothed; or injury  
Repeated oft, as oft by love forgiven;  
Where'er an evil passion was subdued,  
Or Virtue's feeble embers fanned; where'er  
A sin was heartily abjured, and left;  
Where'er a pious act was done, or breathed  
A pious prayer, or wished a pious wish,—  
There was a high and holy place, a spot  
Of sacred light, a most religious fane,  
Where happiness, descending, sat and smiled."

Here is a very touching and beautiful description of a dying Christian:

The dying eye,—that eye alone was bright,  
And brighter grew, as nearer death approached.

She made a sign  
To bring her babe; 't was brought, and by her placed.  
She looked upon its face, that neither smiled  
Nor wept, nor knew who gazed upon 't, and laid  
Her hand upon its little breast, and sought  
For it, with look that seemed to penetrate  
The heavens, unutterable blessings, such  
As God to dying parents only granted  
For infants left behind them in the world.  
"God keep my child!" we heard her say, and heard  
No more: the Angel of the Covenant  
Was come, and, faithful to his promise, stood  
Prepared to walk with her through death's dark vale.  
And now her eyes grew bright and brighter still,  
Too bright for ours to look upon, suffused  
With many tears, and closed without a cloud.  
They set as sets the morning star, which goes  
Not down behind the darkened west, nor hides  
Obscured among the deepens of the sky,  
But melts away into the light of heaven."

The poem has, however, also a considerable amount of sentiment deeply tinged with re-

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gious asceticism, and whole pages which read like a dull sermon turned into blank verse. But these defects, it should be borne in mind, Pollok would in all probability have removed himself, guided by a more ripened judgment, in a careful revision, had Providence been pleased to prolong his life.

Before the publication of the "Course," Pollok had undermined his constitution by too exclusive mental labor. In a letter to his brother about this time (1826) he says: "It is with much pleasure that I am now able to tell you that I have finished my poem. Since I wrote to you last I have written about three thousand five hundred verses, which is considerably more than a hundred every successive day. This you will see was extraordinary expedition to be continued so long; and I neither can nor wish to ascribe it to any thing but an extraordinary manifestation of divine goodness. Although some nights I was on the border of fever, I rose every morning equally fresh, without one twitch of headache, and with all the impatience of a lover hastened to my study. Towards the end of the tenth book, where the subject was overwhelmingly great, and where I, indeed, seemed to write from immediate inspiration, I felt the body beginning to give way. . . . I am convinced that Summer is the best season for great mental exertion, because the heat promotes the circulation of the blood, the stagnation of which is the great cause of misery to cogitative men. The serenity of mind which I have possessed is astonishing. Exalted on my native mountains, and writing often on the top of the very highest of them, I proceeded from day to day, as if I had been in a world in which there was neither sin nor sickness nor poverty."

On the recommendation and through the assistance of the friends his genius had secured him, he was preparing to set out for Italy, there to stay the inroads of consumptive tendencies; but while on the eve of leaving Britain, he was so greatly reduced that he tarried at Devonshire Place, Shirley Common, near Southampton. He there expired on September 18, 1827. Although it was painful at his early age to relinquish all

the day-dreams of honorable fame which his young imagination had with so good reason been led to form, he acquiesced with un murmuring submission in the will of God. He enjoyed during his last illness in rich abundance the comforts and hopes of the Gospel, and his death was that of the true Christian, characterized by a calm faith in that religion he had preached, and a cheerful hope in that redemption which had been the theme of his song.

Of the most important inward revolutions of which man's little world is susceptible, that change, without which a man "can not enter the kingdom of God," Pollok has given the following most impressive account. It is one of the most interesting fragments of autobiography we have ever met with. It will remind many readers of some passages of a similar kind of exquisite beauty in Cowper:

"One of this mood I do remember well;  
We name him not—what now are earthly names?  
In humble dwelling born, retired, remote  
In rural quietude; 'mong hills and streams,  
And melancholy deserts, where the sun  
Saw, as he passed, a shepherd only, here  
And there, watching his little flock; or heard  
The plowman talking to his steers; his hopes,  
His morning hopes, awoke before him, smiling,  
Among the dews and holy mountain airs;  
And fancy colored them with every hue  
Of heavenly loveliness. But soon his dreams  
Of childhood fled away; those rainbow dreams,  
So innocent and fair, that withered age.  
Even at the grave, cleared up his dusty eye,  
And, passing all between, looked fondly back  
To see them once again ere he departed.  
These fled away; and anxious thought, that wished  
To go, yet whither knew not well to go,  
Possessed his soul, and held it still awhile.  
He listened, and heard from far the voice of Fame;  
Heard, and was charmed; and deep and sudden vow  
Of resolution made to be renewed;  
And deeper vowed again to keep his vow.  
His parents saw—his parents, whom God made  
Of kindest heart—saw, and indulged his hope.  
The ancient page he turned, read much, thought much,  
And with old bards of honorable name  
Measured his soul severely; and looked up  
To fame, ambitious of no second place.  
Hope grew from inward faith and promised fair:  
And out before him opened many a path  
Ascending, where the laurel highest waved  
Her branch of endless green. He stood admiring;  
But stood, admired, not long. The harp he seized;  
The harp he loved—loved better than his life;  
The harp which uttered deepest notes, and held  
The ear of thought a captive to its song.  
He searched and meditated much, and whiles  
With rapturous hand in secret touched the lyre,  
Aiming at glorious strains; and searched again

For theme deserving of immortal verse;  
Chose now, and now refused, unsatisfied;  
Pleased, then displeased, and hesitating still.  
Thus stood his mind, when round him came a cloud;  
Slowly and heavily it came; a cloud  
Of ills, we mention not; enough to say,  
'T was cold and dead, impenetrable gloom.  
He saw its dark approach; and saw his hopes,  
One after one put out as nearer still  
It drew his soul; but fainted not at first;  
Fainted not soon. He knew the lot of man  
Was troubled and prepared to bear the worst;  
Endure what'er should come, without a sigh  
Endure and drink, even to the very dregs,  
The bitterest cup that time could measure out;  
And, having done, look up, and ask for more.  
He called Philosophy, and with his heart  
Reasoned: he called Religion, too, but called  
Reluctantly, and therefore was not heard.  
Ashamed to be o'ermatched by earthly woes,  
He sought, and sought with eyes that dimmed apace  
To find some avenue to light, some place  
On which to rest a hope; but sought in vain.  
Dark, and darker still, the darkness grew.  
At length he sunk, and Disappointment stood  
His only comforter, and mournfully  
Told all was past. His interest in life,  
In being, ceased; and now he seemed to feel,  
And shuddered, as he felt, his powers of mind  
Decaying in the Spring-time of his day;  
The vigorous, weak became; the clear, obscure;  
Memory gave up her charge; Decision reeled;  
And from her flight Fancy returned—returned  
Because she found no nourishment abroad.  
The blue heavens withered; and the moon and sun  
And all the stars, and the green earth and morn  
And evening withered; and the eyes and smiles  
And faces of all men and women withered;  
Withered to him; and all the universe  
Like something which had been appeared, but now  
Was dead, and moldering fast away. He tried  
No more to hope: wished to forget his vow;  
Wished to forget his harp; then ceased to wish.  
That was his last. Enjoyment now was done.  
He had no hope; no wish; and scarce a fear.  
Of being sensible and sensible  
Of loss, he as some atom seemed, which God  
Had made superfluously, and needed not  
To build creation with; but back again.  
To nothing threw, and left it in the void  
With everlasting sense, that once it was.  
Oh, who can tell what days, what nights he spent  
Of tideless, waveless, sailless, shoreless woe?  
And who can tell how many, glorious once,  
To others and themselves of promise full,  
Conducted to this pass of human thought,  
This wilderness of intellectual death,  
Wasted and pined and vanished from the earth,  
Leaving no vestige of memorial there?  
It was not so with him; when thus he lay,  
Forlorn of heart, withered and desolate,  
As leaf of Autumn, which the wolfish winds,  
Selecting from its falling sisters, chase  
Far from its native grove, to lifeless wastes,  
And leave it there, alone, to be forgotten  
Eternally. God passed in mercy by—  
His praise be ever new! and on him breathed  
And bade him live; and put into his hands  
A holy harp, into his lips a song,  
That rolled its numbers down, the tide of time.  
Ambitious now, but little to be praised  
Of men alone! ambitious most to be

Approved of God, the Judge of all; and have  
His name recorded in the Book of Life."

The reception which the "Course of Time" has met with from the public is a sufficient testimony to the talents of its lamented author. His name is now recorded among the

list of those illustrious Scotsmen who have done honor to their country; who, from obscurity, have secured for themselves an unfading reputation; and who will be remembered by distant generations with enthusiasm and admiration.

## ASSYRIAN LIBRARIES.

THE excavations prosecuted in Nineveh have revealed to us the fact that the ancient Assyrians were a book-reading people, that public libraries were sustained for their instruction, and that these were conducted very much after the fashion of similar institutions of the present day. The Assyrian libraries were under the care of a librarian, and the books were ranged upon shelves, and were catalogued for convenience much as in modern collections.

The first librarian whose name has come down to us, was Mul-Anna, the son of Gandhu. He superintended the library of one of the early kings of Ur, "a city of the Chaldees," which is mentioned in Genesis as the birthplace of Abraham. The signet-cylinder of Mul-Anna has been recovered, and is now in Europe, and the probability is that it was stamped upon books of which its owner had charge more than four thousand years ago.

As the civilization of Babylonia was older than that of Assyria, its libraries were of a more ancient date, and served as models for those established in the latter country. Indeed, the books that made up the collections in the Assyrian cities were the greater part of them copies or later editions of Babylonian works.

But these old-time books were not the finished specimens of the printer's and binder's art that are drawn by the reader from libraries of to-day. They were rude, clumsy affairs, made of sheets of bricks of clay called tablets. These bricks are of different sizes, the largest measuring about nine inches by six and a half inches, and having a flat surface. The smaller ones were slightly convex, and some of them were scarcely more than

an inch long. On both sides of these bricks the writing, or the print, as it may be properly called, was stamped while the clay was moist, with a metal stylus, after which the brick was hardened in the sun or by fire.

The cuneiform system of writing was the invention of the primitive population of Babylonia, and was derived from them by the Assyrians. Its wedge-shaped characters were stamped upon the bricks, and, although sharply defined, were often so fine as to be scarcely distinguishable by the unaided eye. As a crystal lens was found on the site of Nineveh, it may be surmised that the Assyrian books were printed and used by the aid of magnifying glasses. At any rate the discovery proves that lenses were in use by two of the oldest among the historic nations.

Each important city of Babylon and Assyria had at least one great library, and this was accommodated in rooms of the king's palace. No excavations have been made in Babylonia, but Mr. Layard found the "Royal Library of Nineveh," in two rooms in the palace of Sennacherib, and of his grandson Asshurpanipal, or Sardanapalus. The following inscription discovered on one of the tablets, shows that the library was kept open to the people: "Palace of Asshurpanipal, being of the world King of Assyria, to whom the god Nebo and the goddess Tasmit (the goddess of knowledge) have given the ears to hear and the eyes to see what is the true foundation of government. They revealed to the kings, my predecessors, this cuneiform writing, the manifestation of the god Nebo, the god of supreme intelligence. I wrote it upon tablets; I signed and arranged them; and I placed them in the palace for the instruction of my subjects."

The greater portion of this library was deposited in the British Museum, and cuneiform scholars have long since been engaged in deciphering its contents. The books being many of them copies or later editions of Babylonian works, it is expected that they will throw light upon the history of both the great nations of Mesopotamia. The library comprises treatises on agriculture, astronomy, and grammar, "collections of ancient proverbs, tables of laws and precedents, contracts, and leases, public dispatches and private correspondence, prayers and beast fables, didactic treatises, and hints on government, tables of cube roots and other mathematical formulæ, lists of animals and stones, of countries and towns, of gods and temples, of foreign products, and above all, annals and historical documents."

When the Chaldean or early Babylonian kingdom was subdued by the Semites or Assyrians, not only was its culture appropriated, but its language was extirpated by the conquering people. Thus in process of time the extensive literature it had created and stored in its libraries was buried in the grave of a dead language. This language, now known as the Accadian, had consequently to be studied by the Assyrians as the classics are studied by the scholars of modern time, for the treasures of knowledge sealed up in them. To aid the Assyrian student in his work of reviving an extinct tongue, grammars, dictionaries, and phrase books of Accadian, and Semitic Assyrian were compiled, and these, preserved to the present day, enable our savants to recover the long lost language of Chaldees,—the priestly caste of Babylonia.

Among the text-books of the Accadian language now in the British Museum, there is a vast encyclopædia of Assyro-Babylonian grammar, consisting of five parts:

1. A lexicon of the Accadian language.
2. A dictionary of Assyrian synonyms.
3. Assyrian grammar.
4. A dictionary of the characters of the Anarian cuneiform writing.
5. A second dictionary of the same characters.

The tablets or leaves of this work are

numbered, and were probably arranged in cases in the order of their paging. Manuals of mathematical and astronomical science are also abundant in the collection. These sciences undoubtedly originated with the Chaldees, and by them were imparted to other nations. Several treatises on arithmetic were found in the library, and in a fragmentary condition a multiplication table like that which has given so much honor to the name of Pythagoras.

A long work on astronomy and astrology, covering seventy tablets, was drawn up for a king of Babylon, who reigned about 2,000 B. C. "The catalogue of this work mentions separate treatises, on the pole star, on comets, on the movements of Venus, etc., and at the end tells the reader to write down the number of the tablet he wishes to consult, and the librarian will thereupon hand it to him." Among the religious writings there is a collection of hymns to the gods, which in style have much resemblance to the Hebrew Psalms. There is also a vast collection of fragmentary myths and legends thrown into a poetical form. One of these epics consists of twelve books, each book answering to a sign of the Zodiac, and narrating the adventures of a solar hero. "The books were originally independent lays, and the eleventh is the story of the deluge, which bears a remarkable resemblance to the account in Genesis. Another group of legends contains one which describes very fully the building of the tower of Babel; while a third group presents us with a history of the creation and the fall of man similar to that of the Bible. More details however, are furnished than can be found in the Mosaic narrative."

There is reason to believe that the Assyrians sometimes made use of parchment or papyrus, in writing, but no bit of this perishable material has survived the destruction of their cities and palaces. But Layard states that in the Nineveh library there were discovered a number of pieces of fine clay, bearing the impression of seals, like modern official seals of wax, to documents written on leather, parchment or papyrus. The documents themselves had perished.



## EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

### EDITOR'S STUDY.

#### SCRIPTURAL AND METHODIST CHURCH POLITY.

THE interest which every real Christian feels in the Church of Christ, which is the kingdom of God on earth, and the prospective Bride of Christ in heaven, is justified by the transcendent excellence of the subject; and with such an interest in the life and spirit of the Church, there is quite naturally associated a high regard for whatever pertains to its outward form and organism. There is in this subject one fundamental inquiry which must precede all others, inasmuch as the judgment arrived at in that particular almost pre-judges all the others; namely, What is the true idea of the Christian Church? What is that conception of the Church which lay in the minds of Christ and his apostles? Just here, there are many and varied opinions, from the extreme theory of Romanism on the one side, to that of the Society of Friends on the other.

There is reason to fear that we, as a denomination, have been trained in low and unworthy notions of the Church,—that we have been so forward to denounce the fond delusions of a theurgical High-churchism, that we have gone to the opposite extreme, and have failed to appreciate the sanctity and glory that belong to the body of Christ. We have so often and so loudly disclaimed divine prescription for Church organization and polity, that to many of our ministers and people the Church of which we are members is hardly more than an accident, a mere voluntary association depending for its membership on the volition of individuals—a club organized for social and religious purposes. On the contrary, whoever reads the New Testament carefully must feel that such was not the view of the apostles and the first generation of Christians. To them the Church was the one supreme fact in the whole world. It was the kingdom and royal dwelling-

place of Christ on earth. It was the one and only hope of the world. It was an organization with a divine life, no other and no less than "the body of Christ, the fullness of him that filleth all in all."

To establish it he came from heaven, suffered, and through death ascended to the right hand of God, that he might there direct its destiny of universal conquest. The so-called "power of the keys," was given to it,—of binding and loosing,—the tremendous responsibility "in Christ's stead" of representing the divine will on the earth. "Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven."

The book called the Acts of the Apostles might with even more propriety be called the Acts of Christ. In the Gospels, Christ directed his followers in person; in the Acts, he directed them from the steps of the Throne. It is a mistake to end the biography of Christ with his ascension. A king's life does not end when he ascends the throne. But as in our prayers we come to the truest theology so in our hymns and worship we express the high Scriptural conception of the Church. How dear to the people of God is Dr. Dwight's hymn on the Church:

"I love thy kingdom, Lord,  
The house of thine abode."

Or Newton's,

"Glorious things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, city of our God.  
He whose word can not be broken  
Formed thee for his own abode."

The work of definition is an exceeding difficult one, and this difficulty is especially great in the case of the Church. Dr. M'Clinck, in his Cyclopædia, gives the following definition, which is at once brief and comprehensive, and touched with the genius of its author: "The Church is the divinely inspired organic growth of the Christian life." That is to say the Church is a living organism,

and the life of the organism is "the spirit of Christ." The Lord Jesus himself has defined its charter of incorporation in Matthew, eighteenth chapter: "Again I say unto you, That if two of you shall agree on earth as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven. For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." Wherever two or three are gathered "in his name," there is the Church. The Church, then, is a definite community, with a single vitalizing Spirit, namely, the Spirit of Christ, and with usages and aims springing out of the Christian life in its members.

All life, so far as we know it, develops organism, and works by organism. Aristotle defined life as "the cause of form in organisms." The style of the life, whatever it may be, will determine the qualities and accidents of the organism. There can be nothing arbitrary. Another truth is, that the organism is as divine as the life. "God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body." When, therefore, we shall have found the essential organism of the Christian life, we shall have found the Church, and we may then ascertain what are those qualities and conditions that are inseparable from, and constitute, the true Church.

It is obvious that the most trustworthy example of the Church is that given in the Acts of the Apostles. What do we find in Jerusalem after the Spirit of Christ had fallen on the hundred and twenty? First there was a consciousness of "power" and light and love. Accompanying these was an impulse of propagandism. "They were filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak as the Spirit gave them utterance." There was nothing arbitrary in this. They could not do otherwise. We next find the new life spreading to other hearts, and these forthwith join the original company. "The same day there were added unto them three thousand souls." Fellowship is also another law of the Christian life. "And all that believed were together and had all things common." "And they continued steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine and in fellowship and in breaking of bread and in prayers." We have then fellowship, propagandism, culture in the apostles' doctrine, the holy communion, and

worship. These are the laws, the necessary manifestations of the Christian life. The minor forms of the manifestation may depend upon environments, but where these exist in "two or three," or in ten thousand, there is the Church of Christ. The life must manifest itself in some organization; and the organization it actually took in Jerusalem was assuredly not accidental, but according to a law. But that law was an inward one. "The organization of the primitive Church was, like the priesthood of its head, not after the law of a carnal commandment, but after the power of an endless life, the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus."

It is plain, therefore, that the Church in its primitive and normal form is a congregation, a local organization, whose members may convene together for the associated study of salvation, for worship, and for the spread of the Gospel. In harmony with this view is our Article XIII on the Church: "The visible Church of Christ is a congregation of faithful men, in which the pure Word of God is preached and the sacraments duly administered," etc. Not a community, but a congregation.

The Greek word for Church, *ἐκκλησία*, means an assembly called out. This word Christ did not invent, but borrowed from the Greek of the Old Testament, where it is the rendering for the Hebrew word *קהל* (*kohol*), congregation. The disciples were familiar with this term as the designation of the synagogue congregation, and when their Master said, "on this rock I will build my Church," they needed no explanation of its meaning. So, also, when he said, "if he will not hear them, tell it to the Church; and if he will not hear the Church, let him be to you as an heathen man and a publican." If Jesus were using this word in a totally new and arbitrary sense, the disciples, proverbially slow in grasping new conceptions of his kingdom would have needed some further explanation. Back of all sessions and consistories and official boards and elderships is the Church, whose is the ultimate authority.

And the practice of the apostles in instituting new Churches was in harmony with this idea. Let the inspired history interpret the meaning of Christ's commission and counsels to his disciples. We find that whenever there was a community of believers in any city or

town, nothing was done without its active participation. Even the new apostle selected in the stead of Judas, the traitor, was chosen not by the apostles alone, but by the entire body of the disciples, both men and women. So, also, the deacons were chosen by "the whole body of the disciples," and were presented to the apostles, not for confirmation, but for consecration. In Acts xiv, 23, the writer informs us that Paul and Barnabas appointed elders in all the Churches, by *taking the vote of the people*. (See Alford, Schaff, *et al.*) The apostles seem to have done nothing more than to preside at the assemblies.

And all this grows naturally and necessarily out of the central fact of Christianity, which is that "all believers hold an equal relation to Christ as their Redeemer, and experience a common participation of communion with God obtained through him." (Neander.) Hence there is no mediating priesthood, no governing hierarchy; and the apostolic office is temporal. Dr. Schaff, in his "Apostolic Church," says: "The formal right of the congregation to an active concern in all its affairs can not be questioned, though the actual exercise of this right is conditioned by the degree of their Scriptural maturity." Clement, of Rome, in his first Epistle to the Corinthians, distinctly affirms that the apostles appointed bishops and deacons "with the concurrence of the whole Church." So universal was this method of appointment that we find it in vogue in Cyprian's time, who, though the father of the hierarchical view of the Church, yet approved it, "*omnium suffragiis et iudiciis*."

Our conclusion, therefore, is that the local congregation called together by Christ for Christ's work is the fountain of all Churchly power. Bishops or elders (for the New Testament makes no distinction between these titles) and deacons, and all other Church officers, derive their authority ultimately from the local Churches. Indeed, in the Apostolic Church these were all local officers, the chosen servants of the congregation. Absolute sovereignty under Christ resides in the Christian congregation. And in the first stages of the Gospel's development congregationalism, pure and simple, was beyond all question the prevalent ecclesiastical polity.

But when a community of believers became too large to assemble together,—as when the

Church in Jerusalem had grown to many thousands,—it might assemble by representatives, and so be present constructively. So it was in the Council at Jerusalem in the year 50, when the letter to the Church at Antioch was addressed as from "the apostles, elders, and brethren."

In this way the several Churches of a Presbytery, in the Presbyterian Church, are present in the ministerial and lay delegates that represent them. But the Presbytery is the creature of the Churches. So, also, in the Protestant Episcopal Church, the diocesan convention is made up of lay delegates and the pastor from each parish with the bishop.

Before proceeding further let us dwell for a few minutes on the authority and prerogatives of the Christian Church. Inasmuch as the Church is "the body of Christ," it can do nothing of itself. It has no original or arbitrary authority. Its doctrines as well as its life are from the Head, and its usages and polity must conform to the life. Spontaneity and adaptation are the law of liturgy and polity. "Whatever organization does not grow out of and grow with the Church's growth, and spring out of the Church's strength, and strengthen with its strength, must arrest its growth and compress and cripple its strength." (Gregory.) Premature ossification dwarfs a man and cripples a Church. Liberty in methods is its indefeasible right, but it must be a liberty directed by "the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus." But an organization professing to be a Church has no liberty [except of interpretation] in questions of doctrine or in conditions of fellowship. It is bound to the Head, and to depart from him is to unchurch itself. To demand conditions of membership either in doctrine or conduct or worship that may not be proved out of the Word of God is inconsistent with the true view of the Church. The Church has no right to legislate unless she can say, with the Council at Jerusalem, "It seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us."

A few years ago a gentleman in Philadelphia was expelled by the United Presbyterian Church because he would sing hymns. The Sandemanian Society in England (it can not be called a Church), expelled the great scientist, Faraday, because he dined with Queen Victoria on Sunday. The Church of Rome excommunicated the Pere Hyacinthe because he

refused to believe the blasphemous lie of the Vatican Council. Such acts of discipline as these are unwarranted assumptions of power, for, although we have not the apostles to direct us, we have the apostolic writings.

We come now to the Methodist Episcopal Church, and I announce beforehand that my task at present is not to praise her,—that I have been doing for the past twenty years, ever since at her altars I found the Lord. But just now I propose to present some suggestions by which possibly she might be made more worthy of praise. Surely there must be some time and place where the children of the Church may counsel together concerning her discipline and polity. For myself I know no better place than this. And yet it is possible that some will read with prejudice,—so difficult is it not to look upon him as a meddler and contentious who expresses discontent with the established order. Richard Hooker began his Ecclesiastical Polity with the words: "He that goeth about to persuade a multitude that they are not so well governed as they ought to be shall never want attentive and favorable hearers." But things have changed since that time. Hooker lived in a sturdy age, when men were not afraid to examine the foundations, and, if need be, to relay them. In our day he who meddles with the structure of the Church is liable to be branded as moved by ambition, or he loses his ecclesiastical head. To some the thought will recur that indiscriminate praise and fulsome flattery are at least as likely to be the offspring of ambition as manly criticism. We did up the praising part so effectually in the time of our centenary, that something different may make an agreeable change.

Permit me in the first place to advert to a few minor imperfections in our Book of Discipline. There are certain archaisms scattered through the book that make the impression on the reader, "That this is a book of the past; this is not a book to be read and studied to-day." At the very beginning we find the Church designated "the United Society." If Methodism has outgrown its swaddling clothes and become a man, why continue the name it bore properly enough when a child in the house of an unloving dry nurse?

There are certain vestiges, if not germs, of Romanism, that should be expurgated. For illustration, the prayer "Sanctify this water

for this holy sacrament." In the Protestant Episcopal Prayer Book it reads, "Sanctify this water for the mystical washing away of sin." A prayer for the water instead of one for the person is the essence of Romanism. At the very best it has a squinting towards the doctrine of grace *opere operato*. There has also seemed to some to be a sacerdotal leaning in our custom of ordaining bishops as to a third order, by the laying on of the hands of a bishop; around which has lately risen anew the question whether Wesley was so ordained by Erasmus, and giving to it something more than an antiquarian interest. The very term bishop, as was strenuously urged by Wesley, is, in view of its associations, objectionable. It certainly has an historical implication that is not found in the term given by Wesley—superintendent. An itinerant general superintendency the Church will doubtless always wish to retain; but in the light of Church history it becomes a serious question whether a life-tenure episcopacy, clothed with undefined prerogatives and increasingly numerous? (as ours is destined to be), is not an institution that gendereth to bondage.

A more serious question confronts us when we ask what is the standard of doctrine to which a minister among us is amenable. To this question there is but one answer that will abide. The law of the Discipline is explicit and exclusive in the matter. The Articles of Religion constitute the only law under which a preacher who disseminates erroneous doctrines may be tried. (See Discipline, paragraph 207.) That these Articles express very inadequately the convictions and theology of the Church has long been felt and frequently expressed.

The attempt has been made by some writers of the Church to pass, by way of Article V, to the Scriptures, and to make these the ultimate appeal. Others have attempted to get from the Article, by way of the Scriptures, to the writings of the fathers. Thus, *The Methodist* (paper), about two years ago, had the following: "If a question arises about Universalism, the triers will say the Fifth Article sends us to the Scriptures. As Methodists, we have gone to the Scriptures, and our doctrine is set forth in certain books, to which we will now refer." This reasoning is, however, wholly fallacious. Nothing is said in that Article respecting the Scriptures that would imply



that everything contained in them may be imposed as matters of faith. Assuredly the Article is entirely restrictive in its nature. It confers no power of any sort whatever, but it is wholly a limitation of power. "The Holy Scriptures contain all things necessary to salvation; so that whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man." Like several others of the articles this one was framed as a dyke against Romanism, and against the claim of the Roman Church, that tradition is of equal authority with Scripture.

There are almost insuperable difficulties in the way of changing the Articles of Religion. This can only be done on "the joint recommendation of all the annual conferences, together with a majority of two-thirds of the General Conference." As that was the power, which, in 1832, enacted the present law, the same power could alter the law. But the difficulty of constructing a new confession which would secure the sanction of the whole Church is so obvious that in the opinion of our wisest men we had better bear the ills we have than fly to those we know not of.

Let us now pass to the political structure of the Church. And here I am compelled by the facts of the case to make the serious charge that forty-four out of every forty-five of her ministers and the body of her laity are practically disfranchised in her government. All the functions of government, the legislative, the executive, and the judicial, have been absorbed into one body, which meets with a single chamber, for the brief period of four weeks, once in four years.

The annual conferences with eleven thousand two hundred and fifty-six members, ten thousand of whom, it may be estimated, will never sit in the General Conference, have, as a matter of fact, no authority in the government of the Church. They have no legislative authority of any sort whatever, they have no ultimate judicial authority, and they have no executive authority. The poor boon is conferred upon them, and this under important restrictions, of determining their own membership. Only this, and nothing more. Even as to this, the conditions of membership in the annual conference are prescribed by the General Conference; and by the absolute power of making transfers, the bishops may at any time

entirely change the *personnel* of an annual conference. These ten thousand members are told what they shall teach, on what conditions they shall admit new members to the Church, or permit old members to remain. Every thing of importance is prescribed for them.

Let it not be said, that if this General Conference govern wisely it is best as it is. The old dictum, "That what is best administered is best," is an egregious falsehood. I would reply that whatever affects the *morale* of the Christian ministry is of vital and supreme concernment. Whatever concerns the self-respect, the sense of obligation and authority, the dignity and devotion of the eleven thousand ministers of our Church, is of immeasurable importance. Self-government is something that is intimately related to character and life, and I hesitate not to say that as our Church is now constructed, our annual conferences, instead of being the depositories of power, are the merest machines or instruments of a power removed far from them.

Let me quote a paragraph from a speech delivered in the last General Conference, by one not unknown to us—a paragraph that made a profound impression on my mind, two years ago:

"I am settled in the conviction that has grown upon me steadily through all the years of my observation, that the strength of the Methodist Episcopal Church is in her traveling ministry. That is a position that I think needs to be emphasized. We have other departments of our Church work which we respect, and which are very excellent, doing good, each in its place; but the body of our pastors, who come as God's appointed messengers right to the hearts of the people, mould the Church, and give it strength or otherwise. And if this be a right position, then whatever enhances the self-respect of the minister as such, whatever increases the *esprit de corps* of the ministry, each man in his own individuality, as God's messenger to the people, and the entire associated mass of ministers as God's appointed body of servants, becomes an element of strength to our government.

"And now, I am free to say, without going very far into this subject, that I have been jealous upon this point. I have feared another tendency on both sides—the aggregation of ministerial power in a few hands, far removed from the mass of ministers on the one side, and also in the shape of personal influence and Church organization. On the other side, I have feared that in the midst of the amenities of life, the

softening influences of culture, the abatement of that stern, ardent zeal that characterized the early fathers, there might be a giving way of the ministry to a lower status, and failing as to the spirit of the itinerancy as embodied in the fathers.

"And therefore I am ready anywhere, everywhere, all the time, to do whatever I may, and to further whatever measure shall tend to make ministers respect themselves, and make the ministry, as such,—the unofficial pastors of our Churches in their aggregation,—revere their position and order in the Church. The application, I think, is so plain that I need not dwell upon it long. I do believe our ministry is suffering at this point in their *morale*, and if I could see more power in their hands I should think them better prepared for the great work to which they are called."—(See *Daily Christian Advocate*, May 27, 1876.)

I need hardly recall the curriculum of the session of an annual conference, or the paucity of authority committed to it by the Constitution of the Church: Who are admitted on trial? Who remain on trial? Who are the deacons? Who are the elders? Have any located? Have any been transferred? What is the statistical report?—and so on to the end of the chapter.

I do not say these things are unimportant. I merely say that the ten thousand ministers who make up the annual conferences have no voice in the government of the Church; that we assemble once a year, and grind our annual grist at the ecclesiastical mill, pass a few resolutions that have no authority over any body, and go home. "But," some one will say, "we are represented in the General Conference." But what does that amount to? One in forty-five goes to the General Conference, and generally the same individuals go time after time, and expect to continue going as long as they live. Every conference has its General Conference men—a select few from whom the choice is made. Besides, the persons who reach the distinction of an election are usually so thoroughly *sui generis* that they really represent nobody but themselves. The Church, in its government, is a structure larger than the pyramid of Cheops, resting on its apex.

Barring six feeble restrictions, which we will look at in a moment, the General Conference has supreme authority over all our affairs. The famous omnibus concession of power reads,

"The General Conference shall have full power to make rules and regulations for the Church."

Consider the magnitude of this grant. According to it the General Conference of 1880 may decree that there shall not be another General Conference for the next hundred years, or it might choose to prolong its own session through a whole year, or, like the Long Parliament of English history, through a score of years, till some Cromwell with a platoon of bayonets should in God's name dismiss its members to their homes. It has already assumed and exercised authority over the solemn question of the conditions of membership in the Church. It has power to ordain a hundred bishops and impose them on the Church, while in the Protestant Episcopal Church a bishop elected by a diocese must be confirmed by a majority of all the dioceses of the Church. It can do away our itinerancy by a single vote—extending the pastoral term indefinitely. Add to this the power secured by the control of the denominational press and the benevolent societies of the Church, and some notion of its tremendous powers may be formed. The only bar upon its sovereignty is found in the so-called "Restrictive Rules;" of these there are six. When the General Conference of 1808, then composed of all the traveling ministers, enacted the present Constitution, they reserved for the annual conferences concurrent control over five questions:

Rule 1 concerns the Articles of Religion. These are inviolable, and hence never come before an annual conference.

Rule 2 is on the ratio of representation. This can not be said to be unimportant, yet as it has come before the annual conferences only at long intervals, and every time it has proposed a diminution of representation in the General Conference, it certainly is but a poor protection for the annual conferences. In 1808 there was one delegate for every five preachers. Then the General Conference might be called a popular body. To-day there is one for every forty-five. The last proposition was to extend the limitation to ninety-nine.

Rule 3 refers only to a single institution of our government, namely, "the episcopacy, or plan of itinerant general superintendency." The meaning of this rule is uncertain, and it has already occasioned much strife in the Church. "The plan of itinerant general super-

intendency" is a phrase that may be stretched to cover vast assumptions of episcopal prerogative. This rule has never been changed by the annual conferences.

Rule 4 concerns the "General Rules;" a matter of the highest importance, provided these rules define the conditions of membership in the Church. But the General Conference has been pleased to refer these rules to probationers exclusively, and to assume for itself authority over the conditions of full membership, so that Restrictive Rule No. 4 has virtually no authority or significance. The Ritual, the Catechism, and the Hymn-book are much more effective teachers than are either the "Articles of Religion," or the "General Rules,"—and they have been frequently changed.

Rule 5 guarantees the right of trial and appeal to our ministers and members. And yet it will be remembered that the General Conference of 1868 authorized the quarterly conferences to cut off members without trial or summons to trial. The next General Conference revoked this permission. [Not quite: the authority granted was only to erase the names of absenting members; but still allowed all such as asked it, the privilege of "trial and appeal."]

Rule 6 concerns the Book Room funds, and reserves the same for "the traveling, worn-out preachers, widows, and orphans." But this restriction has not deterred the General Conference from giving the majority of these funds to the bishops, or from voting them to defray its own expenses.

These Restrictions have fettered our Supreme Council about as effectually as Delilah's green withes fettered the ancient champion of Israel. "And he brake the withes as a thread of tow is broken when it toucheth the fire. So [the limit of] his strength was not known."

The history of our General Conference is in many respects a noble one; but the charge can be substantiated that in other respects it is a history of encroachments and serious blunders. Constituted as it is, with irresponsible power, and with a single chamber, it is almost utterly void of those restraints of law and organization which human experience has proved to be inseparable from wise legislation. The absence of deliberation is conspicuous in a General Conference. There is no time for it. Its duties are too numerous and its time too

short. Then so vast is the power of patronage in the Church that it is not difficult for "the powers that be" to prearrange and control all the important legislation of a session; and only when the general Church has been aroused upon a question, as in the lay delegation movement, or the slavery question in 1860, can it be said that either the laity or the ministry are represented in the doings of the General Conference. How often has a single speech swayed the Conference and controlled its legislation! And who has not heard how a sermon elected one bishop, and a speech another, and, last of all, a prayer another? And who has not trembled in view of the action of the General Conference of 1844, when, without a shadow of constitutional authority, it consented to the division of the Church, both as to its membership and property?

Bishop Janes, in his address before the British Conference, said that American Methodism of to-day answers to its original, not as the coin to the die, but as the man to the child, who preserves his identity under all the changes of maturing life. And yet in many respects the Methodist Episcopal Church of to-day is an overgrown child, rather than a matured and well developed man. A Church of such colossal magnitude, œcumenical and world-embracing, not only covering the North American continent, but now rapidly spreading in India, China, and Europe, to be utterly devoid of local authority in its presbyteries, and to be governed by a single chamber of delegates which meets once in four years, presents a case of centralization that has no parallel in ecclesiastical history, nor even in civil history, till we get back to that monstrosity of antiquity when the Roman Senate ruled the world.

Now it is an axiom in civil affairs that local self-government is inseparable from free institutions and republican liberties. Thus our nation is a confederacy of republics called States, and each State is a confederacy of minor republics called counties. The first New England town meeting was the nucleus of the American republic. In order to make an analogy between the nation and our Church in the matter of government, it will be necessary to disfranchise every State and city and town in the Union, to strip them utterly of legislative authority and the chief functions of self-government; it would be necessary to

confer on Congress full powers to make laws for the whole and every corner of the land, to abolish the Supreme Court of the United States, as well as the National Executive, and to confer their powers upon Congress. It would be further necessary to abolish the upper House of Congress, and to pass a law that this body, the very quintessence of centralization and concentrated authority, shall meet but once in four years, and shall not prolong its session beyond four weeks. The famous Council of Ten in the Republic of Venice, the worst of despotisms, would have been reasonable compared to such a government.

We are all of us familiar with the way in which our system grew up. The ministers preceded the laity, and were out in search of the "lost sheep" before there were any Church organizations, so that at the first the Church was composed of ministers only. Besides, the early General Conferences comprised all the traveling preachers, and, as a result, exercised unlimited authority. It is far from my desire to reflect in any way upon the wisdom or usefulness of the fathers. They did their work grandly, and served their generation by the will of God. But if we would preserve their *spirit*, which was one of freedom and adaptation, we must not confine ourselves to a servile repetition of their acts.

What, then, are the conclusions to which we come? I answer —

1. Let us seek for fundamental truths and great principles, and incorporate these into the structure of our Church.

2. Let us adhere as closely as possible to the working plan of the Church, as found in the New Testament.

3. Let us acknowledge the great Scriptural and democratic principle that the ultimate power of the Church is not in bishops, or elders, or deacons, but in the local Churches; and that the authority of all presbyteries and conferences is a delegated authority. The opening sentence in our Discipline has always borne testimony to this principle: "The preachers and members of our Society in general, being convinced," etc., etc., "requested the late John Wesley to take measures," etc.

4. Let us reconstruct our annual conferences in harmony with this principle, and instead of waiting till the laity crowd forward and ask for a place in these bodies, let the ministers do the magnanimous part of requesting them to share with us the common responsibilities of governing the Church of God.

5. Then, when the annual conferences are thus organized, let the General Conference be partially stripped of its legislative powers, and let the annual conferences, as the popular bodies, and nearest the people, become the law-making power of the Church, or at least have concurrent authority with the General Conference in all legislation. In the Presbyterian Church, the General Assembly has no legislative authority whatever. Its power is simply declarative and administrative. A majority vote of the presbyteries is sufficient for the enactment of any law.

6. Let the annual conferences have supervision of the Churches within their boundaries in matters of doctrine and administration. Unwise location of Churches and other like evils will thus be prevented. The tendency to congregationalism will be arrested. When we inquire for the cause of the decay of the old denominationalism, and the growing spirit of segregation among our Churches, the wonder is that this tendency had not shown itself earlier. The only point at which our Churches organically touch is one which challenges mutual jealousy rather than sympathy. They do not touch in the General Conference, for they are practically unrepresented there. They do not touch in the annual conference, for they have no place there. They touch in a common ministry, and each Church seeking the star of the conference as its own pastor finds a rival in every other Church.

7. Lastly, let the General Conference have general supervision of all the affairs of the Church, constitute the final court in all controversies, elect the bishops (probably the other General Conference officers had better be left to local boards), and constitute the bond of union, peace, correspondence, and mutual confidence throughout the denomination.

J. P.



## FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—There are four cities in the world that belong to all nations rather than to any one people, because they have influenced the whole world. They are Jerusalem, Athens, Rome, and Constantinople. The first has given to civilized mankind their religion; the second has been our great instructress in literature and art; the third has spread her laws, her language, her political and ecclesiastical institutions over half the globe. The fourth, though she can lay no claim to the moral or intellectual glories of these other three, yet commands our attention because of her past history, her present experience, and her possible future. For fifteen hundred years she has been a seat of empire, and for even a longer period the emporium of a commerce to which the events of our own time seem to give a growing magnitude. If you look at the map you will see what a remarkable and indeed unique position Constantinople occupies for strategical and commercial purposes. The situation is indeed unrivaled. It stands, alone of the cities of the world, actually on two continents. It is on the great highway which connects the Black Sea with the Mediterranean, and separates Europe from Asia. It has the advantages of the confluence as of two rivers, and a splendid maritime situation besides; for such is the effect, both in appearance and reality, of the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn, and the deep waters of the Propontis. As in the combination of these advantages, narrow straits, deep inlets, numerous islands, prolonged promontories, Europe is the miniature of the civilized world; and Greece with its *Ægean* Sea, is the miniature of the geography of Europe; so the local peculiarities both of Greece and Europe are concentrated and developed to the highest degree in Constantinople. All the marine trade, both export and import, of the vast territories which are drained by the Danube and the great rivers of Southern Russia, as well as those of the north coast of Asia Minor, and of those rich Eastern lands that lie round the Caspian, must pass under its walls. When the neighboring countries are opened up by railways it will be the center from which lines will radiate over European Turkey and

Asia Minor. With a foot, so to speak, on each continent, the power that possesses it can transfer troops or merchandise at will from one to the other, and can prevent any one else from doing so. Then consider how strong it is against attack. It is guarded on both sides by a long and narrow strait—to the north-east, the Bosphorus, and to the south-west, the Dardanelles—each of which can, by the erection of batteries, possibly by the laying down of torpedoes, be easily rendered impregnable to a naval attack. For the Bosphorus is fifteen miles long, with bold rocky hills on either side, and a channel which is not only winding but is nowhere over two miles, and in some place scarcely half a mile wide. And it possesses a splendid harbor, land-locked, tideless, and with water deep enough to float the largest vessels. On the land side it is scarcely less defensible, being covered by an almost continuous line of hills, lakes, and a marshes, with comparatively narrow passage through them, which offers great advantages for the erection of fortifications. There is no other such site in the world for an imperial city. It is impossible to look down from the Galata Tower on the complication of sea and land, inland and mainland, peninsula and promontory, strait and continent, and not feel that the spot is destined to be, what it seems more and more likely to be both historically and politically, the Gordian knot of the world. And this situation is further designed by nature, not merely for a great city, but for a capital of the most imposing aspect, nay, more, for a second Rome. As truly a city of the sea as any of the maritime cities of the West, it has the advantage of being raised aloft on a line of hills, towering high above the level waters of the Bosphorus. These hills, too, are seven in number,—seven, not like the hills of old Rome, indistinctly and confusedly, but each following each in a marked and august succession,—each crowned even now, and probably crowned always, by magnificent buildings, mosques now, churches then, closing in the mass of verdure which gathers round the buildings of the palace on the extreme eastern point. And this glorious city, “*the City*,” as it is alone called—the mod-

ern Greek Stamboul or Istamboul—is but the crowning scene which rises in the midst of the three other quarters, Galata, Pera, Scutari, each with its own towers and forests; and the whole intervening space between and around is now, and probably was always since its foundation, alive with skiffs and boats, and ships and flags of all the nations of the world. What of the ancient empire may have been within the city is now almost entirely perished. Considering how all the world was spoiled to adorn the city of Constantine, and what vast treasures old Rome still possesses, it is remarkable how meagre are the imperial remains of Christian Constantinople. But the immediate neighborhood still recalls the glories of what might be a great capital. The Bosphorus with its palaces is the very ideal of the suburban retreats of an imperial aristocracy. The walls which still surround the City of Stamboul with their threefold circuit, broken through and through, overgrown with the rank vegetation of neglected centuries, yet still stand to tell the sad story of the twenty-seven times besieged and thrice captured City of Constantinople.

THE PEOPLE OF CONSTANTINOPLE.—If any visitor to Constantinople wishes to behold the strange mixture of nationalities in which it abounds, he must take his place on the lower bridge of boats which connects Stamboul with Galata, and from which the little steamers run up and down the Bosphorus. There are two such bridges crossing the Golden Horn, both somewhat rickety. The lower bridge is also the wharf where start the little steamers that run up the Bosphorus and across to Scutari and Chalcedon, on the Asiatic shore. Stalls for the sale of food and trinkets almost block up its ends, and little Turkish newspapers, hardly bigger than a four-page tract, are sold upon it, containing such news as the Porte thinks proper to issue. "Take your stand upon this bridge," says Bryce (*"Constantinople,"*—Harper's *Half Hour Series*), "and you see streaming over it an endless crowd of every dress, tongue, and religion; fat old Turkish pashas lolling in their carriages, keen-faced wily Greeks; swarthy Armenians, easily distinguished by their large noses; Albanians with prodigious sashes of purple silk tied around their waists, and glittering daggers and pistols stuck all over them; Italian sailors, wild-eyed soldiers

from the mountains of Asia Minor, Circassian beauties peeping out of their carriages from behind their veils, and swarms of priests with red, white, or green turbans, the green distinguishing those who claim descent from the Prophet. All these races have nothing to unite them; no relations except those of trade with one another, no intermarriage, no common civic feeling, no common patriotism. In Constantinople there is neither municipal government nor public opinion. Nobody knows what the Sultan's ministers are doing, or what is happening at the scene of war. Every-body lives in a perpetual vague dread of every-body else. The Turks believe that the Christians are conspiring with Russia to drive them out of Europe. The Christians believe that the Turks are only waiting for a signal to set upon and massacre them all. I thought these fears exaggerated; and though my friend and I were warned not to venture alone into St. Sophia, or through the Turkish quarters, we did both, and no man meddled with us. Indeed, I wandered alone in the streets of Stamboul at night, and met no worse enemies than the sleeping dogs. But the alarms are quite real if the dangers are not; and one must never forget that in these countries a slight incident may provoke a massacre like that of Salonika. Imagine, if you can—you who live in a country where an occasional burglar is the worst that ever need be feared—a city where one-half of the inhabitants are hourly expecting to be murdered by the other half, where the Christian native tells you in a whisper that every Turk carries a dagger ready for use. It is this equipoise of races, this mutual jealousy and suspicion of the balanced elements, that makes it so difficult to frame a plan for the future disposal and government of the city."

RUSSIA:—EDUCATIONAL TRAVEL.—A society is in course of formation at St. Petersburg for the organization of travels for children and young men. The travels of the children are intended for the general development of the intellectual faculties and of the power of observation, and those of the young men will be arranged so as to give them a practical knowledge of some branch of science, together with an acquaintance with their own country. The travelers will be divided into

several groups—natural sciences, history, ethnography, etc., and each section will be placed under the leadership of some well-known specialist. For several Summers past botanical and geological excursions were organized by members of St. Petersburg and Moscow Societies of Natural Sciences, and they have proved most successful.

**WOMEN'S RIGHTS.**—The professors of the High-school of Medicine for ladies at St. Petersburg, among whom are many names well known in science, have addressed a petition to the Minister of Public Instruction, in which they claim for ladies who have completed their studies at the high-schools the same degrees as for men. They support their request by pointing out that the five years' theoretical and practical study at the ladies' school are quite as extensive as those pursued by male

students, and rather more extensive in the department of female diseases; that the monthly and yearly examinations have always proved that the ladies possess a very thorough knowledge of their subjects, and finally, that during their service with the army in Roumania and Bulgaria, the ladies have given numerous and sufficient proofs of their high capacity for acting as surgeons.

**SEA TRADE WITH SIBERIA.**—Several Bremen and Moscow merchants have formed a company for sea trade with Siberia. A large steamer, with two barges and a small river steamer on board, will start from Bremen in July for the mouth of the Ob, or of the Yenisei. They propose to leave the river steamer and the barges for river communication, while the large steamer will return home laden with Siberian wares.

## ART.

### FLORENCE AS AN ART CENTER.

AMONG the multitude of men who belong to our foreign service it is a sincere pleasure to note the interest of a few in bringing to the notice of our government and our citizens something of scientific and artistic, as well as mere commercial, interest. We venture to affirm that di Cesnola, by his Cyprian excavations, has brought more real honor to our country and more real inspiration to a much neglected department of study than one-half of the consular agents together. His collection, now happily housed on our shores, was the cause of envy to the entire European world of scholars. Our thoughts have been again turned into this channel by the most valuable and timely report of Col. J. Schuyler Crosby, American Consul to Florence, Italy, on the "Condition of American Art and Artists in Florence." Such reports are the real work of a scholarly and genial public officer, living in this famous art center. The State Department should put this Report in form and scatter it broadcast over the land. Not only are such documents interesting and inspiring in themselves, but are the means of effecting a decided pecuniary saving to a class of worthy workers, who are not usually blessed with

much of this world's filthy lucre. The suggestions as to ways and means, as to times, seasons, cost, facilities, advantages, etc., are just what the young and comparatively inexperienced artist most needs. We deem it advantageous to call attention to this Report if it should get beyond the files of the State Department at Washington. In comparing Florence and Rome, the two great competitive art centers of Italy, Mr. Crosby says: "Florence has peculiar advantages for art-training generally, but especially for sculpture. The national capital of Italy may excel it in its galleries of antique sculpture, and its greater concourse of patrons and amateurs from all parts of the world, but it is much dearer in rents, labor, and general cost of living, besides the very serious drawback of its insalubrity during several months of the year. Florence, on the contrary, is healthy in all seasons, far cheaper as a residence, and has the decided advantage of being near the celebrated quarries of Carracca and Teravezza, whence comes the finest statuary marble known. . . . The famous bronze foundry of the late Professor Papi belongs to Florence, and is the only one in existence which has the secret and the facilities for casting work of all sizes without

jointure or requiring repairs and chasings afterward. It has, also, a numerous corps of skillful workmen in all branches of art, many of whom are competent to execute original work of high merit, although accustomed to labor for wages such as are given in America to the common mechanic or day laborer. . . . Its rich galleries of antique sculpture, Academy of Design, facilities of study of every kind, and the popular interest and appreciation extended to all art, constitute a stimulating art-atmosphere, constantly permeated by the intelligent criticism of European connoisseurs of cosmopolitan experience, who make this city one of their principal resorts. Its history, scenery, associations, and ambitions are deeply imbued with the sentiments and feelings most suggestive and inciting to the American artist, and which he finds lamentably deficient at home." Colonel Crosby utters, however, some words of advice and warning to young and inexperienced students, who need elementary instruction, or the directive oversight of a preceptor: "For these ends probably America excels even Florence, and for academic resources and for variety of technical excellence, London, Paris, Antwerp, Munich, or Dresden are superior." He advises the young artist to lay a solid foundation of instruction in his own country, and establish his artistic national character, so that he may avoid becoming a mere copyist, and retain a well poised originality. Then he can breathe the advantages, the higher atmosphere of the great masters of classical and renaissance art amid their native elements, while keeping intact whatever may be of originality in himself. This advice so thoroughly accords with that invariably given by our best educators relative to foreign university training, that it should be presumed entirely sound and reliable. Another timely warning is as follows: "Italy is a doubtful place for unformed minds and aims, as well as for persons not prepared to sustain years of hard study and prolonged pecuniary strain. Although living and professional training and practice are cheap in Florence as compared with America, yet it is not less true that its general standard of art excellence, owing to the ever living presence of the greatest achievements of the past, is the highest, while the concourse of eminent artists of all nationalities makes competition the closest, the prices

the least, and the chances of patronage less than in America, England, France, or even in Germany. Here the American artist has not his own as rivals, but those of all Europe; besides he soon discovers that art is more often judged on its own abstract merits, and less by national and personal considerations than elsewhere. Hence it sometimes happens that our young men, misled by their fancies, come to Italy only to experience a succession of disappointments and final penury, chiefly from disregarding the fact that, although they may subsist on less money in Italy than in America, it is more difficult to earn a franc in the former country than a dollar in the latter. An Italian artist, as a common rule, is content to receive a franc where his American brother would expect fivefold the sum, and frequently for art of less merit. . . . I should fail in doing my whole duty in this matter," he adds, "did I not also point out the noteworthy fact of the inventive faculty of the Italians, and the facility with which the Italian artists adapt themselves and their art to the current taste of American buyers. In this they show great ingenuity, and are able in a considerable degree to place the American artist, domiciled in Italy, at a great disadvantage in the selection and management of the topics most calculated to be popular in the market, as in their prices of the same. We may regret this departure from the best traditions and practice of our own schools to cater to untutored tastes, but it is a fact which has to be met and overcome by our artists as best they may."

A timely warning is uttered especially to such of our country-women as seek Italy for a place of musical training: "Every year brings more of our country-women to Italy to prepare themselves for the stage, but whose qualifications of voice and person, however flattered in America, by no means fit them for a successful career in a country like this, in which, indeed, their very sex, instead of being some protection as in America, is quite the reverse, and their position aggravated by their ignorance or disregard of habits and opinions very foreign to those they have been accustomed to at home. From the outset they are liable to be victimized by being insidiously encouraged by interested persons to pursue at heavy expense for years studies to fit them for the operatic stage, only at last, after paying



an extravagant fee for a *debut* trial, to utterly fail, either from absolute inability or the plots of jealous rivals, and find themselves destitute in a foreign land, beset by temptations and poverty, sometimes without sufficient means to obtain the necessities of life, while at best but poorly prepared by long contact with unprincipled parties to face the evils about them. Several sad cases of shipwrecked fortunes in this class having come to my own personal knowledge, it is my opinion that none, not possessing beyond all question remarkable talents and voice, with sound health and sufficient means to render them entirely independent of the result, should make this venture in Italy." And yet Colonel Crosby, amidst these sensible and much needed cautions has some wise words of encouragement: "In two points, however, our American artists more than hold their own, if failing in the low range of pseudo-idealistic motives now in vogue. These are portrait busts and statues and the costly monuments to commemorate the deeds and results of the late war of the rebellion. Our artists display a remarkable aptitude for portraiture of this kind, and sufficient constructive skill in the numerous monuments they have already devised to cause some regret that these works might not in general have been deferred until a few years' more instruction on the artist's part and growth of public taste should have guaranteed to the nation works creditable to it in all respects. The liberal commissions originating in patriotic feelings awarded for monuments destined, perhaps, to endure as long as the republic itself, serve to foster American art in all classes, and to educate the people in this direction. Irrespective of the question of price, it is wise and proper that their execution should be intrusted to Americans themselves; for they alone can thoroughly understand the sentiments which demand their construction and endow them with a national vitality. Still it must be confessed that our zeal in these expenditures, and hurry in the selection of designs, are likely to give our descendants a more lively distaste for the material objects with which, in our impatience, we may disfigure the country, than favorably to impress them with our æsthetic culture. If our artists will thoroughly imbue themselves with American feelings and associations, the living ideas and aims of their

country, before coming abroad, they will be both better prepared to appreciate all that Italy offers them and have a stronger hold on their countrymen in the competition which their presence necessarily invites from the artists of all nations. It depends on themselves to rise to the level of their opportunity as conscientious and well-trained artists, inspired by a passion for their profession, or sink to the more commercial phase, struggling for pecuniary success, reckless of the quality of their work, plagiarisms, and other makeshifts for getting on rapidly." It is to be hoped that these most timely and sensible words will have their influence on American artists and on those who propose to place in their hands costly commissions to execute.

#### GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

By the recent death of George Cruikshank, England loses her greatest caricaturist and one of her most genial artists. He was born in 1794. He belonged to a family which had a genius for caricature, since his father and his elder brother were well known for their superior skill in this line of art. Cruikshank had a most remarkable career in early life as a political caricaturist; but this was too harsh and caustic for his kindly and generous nature, and he found a much more congenial employment in illustrating the works of many of the standard writers of England. Few, if any, have surpassed him in wealth of resources, inventive genius, delicate humor, and poetic insight. His illustrations have been most valued and have commanded at times most generous prices. In later life he has also given much attention to oil painting, in which department he has achieved a most enviable success. The Royal Academy has few men enrolled among its members who have been more busy or successful, and whose death will cause a more painful vacancy.

#### A JEWISH STATUE OF CHRIST.

THE visitors to the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia will recall the group of sculpture entitled "Religious Liberty," by Ezekiel, a Jewish sculptor, a native of Cincinnati. This statue was the Centennial offering of the Hebrew people of the United States in recognition of religious and political freedom. This artist has on exhibition a statue of Christ in

Cincinnati, which may be regarded as a purely Jewish ideal. Mr. Ezekiel's own account of his work tells his thoughts best: "It is the highest expression of self-forgetfulness in martyrdom that I could conceive of. There is nothing in any line of the face that can recall the heads of Christ that the Byzantine and Roman Churches have perpetuated, and which contain so little that accords with the true character of the greatest martyr and the most powerful spiritual reformer. Christ was a Jew, born and bred, and lived up to the requirements of that faith as far as we know, and, having exercised so powerful influence upon the minds and feelings of those who had no belief in God, revolutionizing, we may say, the world, and holding a sway that has lasted so many centuries, there is no good reason why a head of Christ should not be made containing the highest ideal type of a Jewish head, and expressing the sublimest superiority to the indignities and scoffings of his enemies. I have placed a cap on his head, because no Jew who pronounced the name of the Deity

could have dispensed with it in those days; it was an Oriental custom, and truth will always bear telling, however strange it may sound. From a Jewish stand-point I have endeavored to do nothing more nor less than to give the world a logically historical conception of Christ." This aim of Ezekiel may have in it much to commend. It is intensely interesting as being among the very few attempts to embody in sculpture the Jewish ideal of Christ. But Mr. Ezekiel should remember that while "truth will always bear telling," high art proposes to tell this truth in no merely bald, literal way, but to weave together elements in such manner as to far transcend any actual, living type. Since no portrait of Christ has been preserved, each artist will continue to embody in his representation of Christ an ideal as conceived from his character and offices. It is, however, plain that no conception of Christ, as a mere martyr, and no type which will suggest the exclusiveness of the Jew, will at all satisfy the Christian who believes him the divine Savior of the world.

## NATURE.

THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.—For thousands of years the Nile has been a mystery which civilized humanity has never ceased to seek to penetrate; no other geographical problem, not even the pole itself, has had such a fascination for explorers. Many and many a life has been sacrificed in the attempt to find the source of the sacred stream, and it was in seeking this goal that Livingstone wandered away south only to meet his death on the marshy shore of Lake Bangweolo. The glory of virtually settling the question has remained to Livingstone's discoverer and pupil, Stanley. In his march northwards from Ugogo to Lake Victoria Nyanza, the explorer came upon a river which flows into the south of that lake, the River Shimeeyu, about three hundred and fifty miles long, which may be regarded as one of the most remote of the sources of the Nile. Farther, into the left side of the lake, flows Speke's Kitangulé River, which Mr. Stanley re-baptized the Alexandra Nile; this river the latter explored with much thoroughness.

He found it to be a broad lake-river, giving off many lagoons, and having its source in Speke's Lake Akanyaru (now the Alexandra Nyanza) which again has, Mr. Stanley believes, a river of considerable length flowing into its west side, and yet another coming from the south, having its origin on the east of Lake Tanganyika. Here, then, no doubt, we have the ultimate sources of the old Nile, which have been sought since history began. Mr. Stanley, it is thought, has virtually set the question at rest, although he will, doubtless, share the credit of the discovery with Speke.

ANIMALCULES IN WATER.—There seems to be a wide-spread impression that all water, if viewed through a microscope, will be found to be teeming with animal life. This popular mistake may be due to those wonderful pictures of "a drop of water," to be found in almost any small book on the microscope. *Pure* water contains nothing that can be seen with any microscope ever made; no solid particles,

no animalcules, no minute vegetables, no spores or germs. Good water, such as is ordinarily procured from wells, and such as has been obtained by carefully filtering rain or river water, contains nothing that is visible by any of the microscopes commonly used by scientific men. The creatures ordinarily pictured as "the inhabitants of a drop of water" are in almost all cases confined solely to stagnant pools, and to see many of them requires no microscope at all. We might search the water from a dozen average wells before finding any of them. Many persons depreciate the magnifying power of their microscopes because with them they can see nothing in their drinking water. The lenses are all right, but the owner does not know what to expect. Again, favorite objects with street exhibitors are the eels in paste or vinegar, when the fact is, that both these objects as well as water-fleas and even the *Volvox Globator*, may, if properly illuminated, be seen with the naked eye.

**THE FUNCTION OF VINE-LEAVES.**—A continued series of investigations have convinced M. Macagno that a most important part in the formation of the fruit is performed by the leaves of the grape-vine. A large number of analyses show that the leaves contain glucose (grape-sugar) and cream of tartar, substances which enter largely into the composition of the grape. He found in the month of June in one kilogram of them 14.24 grammes of the former and 7.4 grammes of the latter. As the season advanced these quantities increased, until at the period of vintage they had nearly doubled. He also found these substances in the branches, but in smaller proportions, and he concludes that the leaves are the laboratory in which the first material of the fruit is formed, and that from them it is conducted by the branches to the bunches. After the grapes had ripened, these substances mentioned disappeared from the leaves almost immediately. In July last he removed the leaves from a certain number of vines in a vineyard under full culture, leaving the remainder in their natural condition. The analysis which he made in September showed that the latter had produced, per kilogram, 620 grammes of pulp, while the others only 581 grammes, and the proportion of saccharine matter was 175 grammes to 140.

**MOVEMENTS OF A WATER-PLANT.**—A French botanist has recently made some interesting observations on the rhythmical movements of a well-known water-plant, *Ceratophyllum demersum*, or hornwort. The branches of this plant present two different aspects. Sometimes the whorls are very close to each other, and in other specimens the whorls are more distant, and the leaves more nearly at right-angles to the stem, until at length some of them actually point downward. It is this form which displays in the most striking manner the movements referred to. Taking the axis at the moment when it is nearly erect, it is seen to bend regularly, curving more and more for about six hours, when it reaches its maximum of flexion; and then straightening itself more slowly, it resumes its original position in about twelve hours. It next bends in a direction opposite to its first flexion, and in four hours it attains its maximum of inverse flexion, resuming its first position again in four hours. The total duration of an evolution is, hence, about twenty-six hours. Thus a young branch is vertical at 6 A. M., attains its maximum of flexion at noon, is again perfectly erect at midnight, attains its maximum inverse flexion at 8 P. M., etc. The oscillations continue very apparent during several days, diminishing usually at the end of a certain time. Light does not appear to have any influence on the movements.

**EPIDEMICS AND ABLUTION.**—The eminent hygienic reformer, Edwin Chadwick, C. B., cites facts to prove that skin-cleanness, or frequent ablution of the whole person, is a powerful preservative against all infectious and contagious diseases. He asserts that in children's institutions the death-rate and cases of sickness have been reduced one-third by regular head-to-foot ablutions with tepid water. Experienced trained nurses, attending patients with contagious diseases, give themselves a bath twice a day, and a change of clothes once a day. Mr. Chadwick adds to the statement thus made, as follows: "If I had again to serve as a member of a general board, and had to exercise authority in providing defenses against epidemics, I would propose regulations for the immediate and general 'tubbing' of the population, and have it enforced as sedulously as vaccination."

**OPIMUM AND ITS ANTIDOTE.**—Opium is the juice of the poppy, and, as there are many varieties of the poppy, so, too, are there many kinds of opium; the mode of collecting the juice is, however, always the same. In Egypt, Syria, and India, the three countries which produce opium, a number of semicircular incisions are made in the capsule of the poppy, and the juice which exudes is carefully gathered. This juice in being dried in the sun becomes of a dark color, thickens, and forms a brown, firm paste; this is opium. Laudanum is a solution of opium in alcohol and water. Opium may be regarded as a mixture of several similar substances, among which may be named morphine, nicotine, codeine, etc. A curious fact about these opium alkaloids is, that they do not act alike on man and animals, as has been demonstrated by Claude Bernard. Man is especially sensitive to the action of morphine, while thebaïne, another factor of opium, is almost without effect upon his nervous system. Animals, on the other hand, feel the effect of morphine only when given in large doses, while thebaïne is for them a violent poison. Opium is one of the most powerful agents we possess for modifying the sensibility, but whether it does this by acting upon the sensor nerves or on the brain is not certain. Opium differs widely from alcohol. Alcohol is cumulative in its effects, and the more one is addicted to its use the more easily is he intoxicated by it. One does not become habituated to alcohol intoxication, but with opium the case is different; a

person may become so accustomed to it as to be able to drink daily a litre of laudanum, twenty drops of which would be a strong enough medicinal dose for a non-habituated person. Opium has its antidote; just as we can produce sleep, so, too, can we produce sleeplessness, by the employment of a mind-poison whose effects are diametrically opposed to those of the narcotic. The antidote of opium is coffee. One hundred years ago coffee was almost unknown, but now there is hardly another beverage that is so widely distributed. Coffee is said to produce cerebral anæmia, while opium and alcohol cause congestion; but this theory still needs confirmation. Nevertheless, the part played by coffee in general nutrition is very well understood. It retards organic combustion. In the normal state there is always going on within our tissues a multitude of chemical actions, the final result of which is heat-production and liberation of carbonic acid. This carbonic acid passes into the venous blood, and from thence into the lungs. Thus the quantity of carbonic acid is, to some extent, the expression of nutritive activity. On taking coffee, though no greater quantity of oxygen be inhaled, and without increasing the ration of food, the quantity of carbonic acid is reduced, and yet the amount of force is not lessened. Hence coffee is a food-stuff which moderates nutrition, and checks waste, by lessening the activity of the chemical transformations incessantly going on within the tissues.

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## RELIGIOUS.

**PROTESTANTISM IN SPAIN.**—In no other country in Europe has Romanism maintained her hold as well as in the Iberian peninsula. Ever since the opening of the thirteenth century, when Don Pedro II, King of Aragon, was crowned at Rome (A. D. 1204), by Pope Innocent III, and swore fealty, at the same time, to the Holy See, in his own name and that of his successors on the throne of Spain, no other faith has been tolerated. Yet heresy has sprung up again and again, and in spite of watchfulness and persecution Protestantism has gained a footing, and only bides the day to

exert a wider influence and to assert her rightful claims. Indeed, under the very ruler under whom Romanism succeeded in establishing herself so mightily, heresy crossed the Pyrenees from Provence and Languedoc, and the extensive prevalence of Waldenses and Albigenses made their extinction by fire and sword a necessity. It was thus that, in 1237, the first Inquisition fires of persecution were lighted. But it took two centuries to exterminate all trace of these innovators, and only a century after it required a fiercer crusade and still closer application of the same severe measures



to prevent the falling away of Spain from Romish rule. The very persecutions of the Inquisitorial Tribunal seemed only the more to predispose the Spaniards to the acceptance of the doctrine which it persecuted. The dogma of justification by faith, that corner-stone of the Lutheran Reformation, gained wide currency, and the most eminent even of the clergy accepted and proclaimed it. According to Llorente, a Romish priest and officer of the Inquisition before his apostasy, no fewer than thirteen thousand human beings were burnt alive in the short space of thirty-six years, and it required *autos-da-fe* for three centuries to wear away all trace of the Protestant heresy. Since 1808, the Inquisition has been out of existence, but the Romish spirit of intolerance still lives in Spain, and waits only the hour of renewing the strife openly. The Concordat of 1851 is no longer effective; but Romish emissaries throw every possible obstruction in the way of those who wish to enlighten the Spanish people in the knowledge of divine truth. Every attempt of the agents of the Spanish Evangelical Society to introduce Bibles and other religious books into the peninsula has been counteracted in a thousand ways. And as to the preaching of the pure Gospel, no measure seems unjustifiable that can prevent the accomplishment of what Protestant missionaries would like to effect. All manner of means are employed to mislead the people as to the nature of the Protestant faith and to draw Protestants into the Catholic Church. In Toledo the report has been spread that the authorities have power to banish and arrest the Protestant minister and teacher, and that all who will not return to the Romish Church shall be punished and persecuted. These statements are made in the church, the streets, and in all the houses, in the face of the recent enactment by the State of complete religious toleration. It is not to be supposed that such discipline will effectually close the doors to Protestantism for any length of time, and there is every reason to believe that the day is not far distant when the Gospel shall prevail in its purity in the country which can count among its martyrs Egidius, Ponce de la Fuente, and Carranza. And for the gratification of our readers we may here remark that the report of the examination of the Evangelical schools held at the close of last year, has

proved very satisfactory, and showed the superior advantage of these schools as compared with the official Catholic institutions. The rising generation once educated will soon liberate itself from Popish thralldom, and learn to think for itself. A country which is blessed with the labors of a Flidner\* is not likely to remain long without the benefits which such teachings are sure to bring.

IN ITALY: THEN AND NOW.—Our readers will remember that Rome has several Protestant churches, and that the Protestant faith is no longer prescribed within the walls of the eternal city. Religious toleration was a boon secured in 1871, when the Italian Government forced Romanism from the Quirinal to the Vatican. But though the teeth had thus been drawn from the persecuting Rome of old, it remained still as powerfully opposed to Protestantism as ever. In 1878, however, we may write this is no longer so. Times have changed, indeed, if those who defame Protestantism can be made to feel the power of the State law, and are brought to suffer their just deserts of their offenses. Not long ago the editor of the *Osservatore Romano* defamed the free Italian Church and its evangelists. Years ago there could have been no Free Church, and even if allowed to exist, if somebody was good enough to defame it, so much the better. But now, the Supreme Tribunal of Rome, notwithstanding the efforts of four clerical advocates, have condemned the editor to six months' imprisonment with fine and costs, besides sending Borgia, the author of the calumnies to prison for one month. This verdict has been appealed from a lower court, but was promptly and fully sustained by the Supreme tribunal. So that we now have not only Protestant Churches in Rome, but actually fair play for them.

INTOLERANCE IN GERMANY.—In the Protestant State of Hesse Darmstadt a number of Lutheran ministers who had resisted the introduction of a new ecclesiastical constitution, were deposed in consequence from their livings and emoluments. Thinking that when thrust out of the Church they were free from its discipline, and relying on the protection which

\* He is the son of Theodor Flidner, the noted German philanthropist, founder of the German sisterhoods at Kaiserwerth. See "The American Cyclopædia" (last edition); or McClintock & Strong's "Religious Cyclopædia." [Art., FLIDNER.]

the law gives to all religious bodies, some of them undertook to hold services in their own houses. For this experiment several pastors of high character have been brought before the civil courts and heavily fined, with the alternative of imprisonment. In the case of several, their furniture has been seized, and they and their families reduced to the direst poverty. This reads not unlike a story from the days of Charles I or James II, of England.

**CHRISTIANIZING GERMAN SOCIALISTS.**—The lovers of the Gospel cause in Germany have at last hit upon a plan for Christianizing those who now oppose the Gospel on the ground of what is called "Social Democracy." The means for this mission work is made an "Association for social Reform;" it being the purpose of the Christian people to promote whatever is just and true in the demands of the Socialists. A weekly paper is also issued to promote such principles, and with the same object in view public meetings are held. The first meeting of the kind held in Berlin was composed, to the extent of more than nine-tenths, of Socialists. This meeting passed a resolution declaring that the only reform from which they expected to derive any good was such as is to be gained from "Social Democracy." At a subsequent, and smaller meeting, however, there was a more favorable result, and the good Samaritans mean to leaven the whole

lump in due time, and redeem their countrymen from the jaws of spiritual death and social ruin.

**METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH.**—This month the Methodists South will convene in General Conference, and among other important business before that body is to be the election of two or more bishops. There have been no accessions to the Episcopacy for eight years. Bishop Keener, who was then elevated to the distinguished office, is still a man of great physical vigor. His colleagues are Bishop Paine, who has been in the Episcopal office for thirty-two years; Bishops Kavanaugh and Pierce, who have held this distinction for twenty-four years; Bishops Doggett, Wightman, and M'Tyeire, who were elected twelve years ago.

A SPECIAL session of the General Conference of the Seventh Day Adventists has been held at Battle Creek, Michigan, to appoint camp-meetings and to consider the Foreign Mission and Sunday-school causes. Two camp-meetings were appointed to be held in the State of New York.

ONE of the latest and smallest of the numerous schisms in the Lutheran body is the formation of the "Independent Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Ohio." It was organized by three clergymen of the same surname (Williams), and one congregation adheres to it.

### CURIOUS AND USEFUL.

**MODERN AFFECTATION IN SPELLING.**—Professor Blackie, of Edinburgh, whose scholarship is undoubted, says of the modern affectation of spelling Cicero with a K, and of similar pedantries: English is English, and Greek is Greek; and as the proper method of spelling Greek words, when adopted into English, has been settled by the usage of the past English classics now for three hundred years, it is not only a silly affectation to change it, but it is a violation of the historical continuity of our language, which adopted these words, not directly from the Greek, but indirectly from the Latin. It for this reason that we say Plato, Zeno, Strabo, and such like; not *Platon, Zenon, Strabon*. The law of historical

continuity in the same way leads us to say Socrates, not *Sokrates*; Isocrates, not *Isokrates*; and so forth. As little are we entitled to write *Keltic* for Celtic, *Mykenæ* for Mycenæ, *Kikero* for Cicero, on account that the Greek *K* and the Latin *C* were both pronounced hard, even before a slender vowel, as they are always in the Gaelic at the present hour. For, as before said, Latin is Latin, and English is English; and we are no more entitled to say *Keltic* and *Kikero* than we are to call Munich *Munchen*, or Florence *Firenze*.

**THOSE WHO LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES, ETC.**—The proverb, "Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones," dates back to the

union of England and Scotland, at which time London was inundated with Scotchmen. This did not please the Duke of Buckingham, who organized a movement against them, and parties formed who went about nightly to break their windows. In retaliation, a party of Scotchmen smashed the windows of the Duke's mansion, which stood in St. Martin's Fields, and had so many windows that it went by the name of the Glass House. The Duke appealed to the king, who replied, "Steenie, Steenie, those who live in glass houses should be careful how they fling stones."

**WATER-COLORS.**—The cultivation of this branch of art is rapidly on the increase in this country. The last exhibition of the American Society in the New York Academy of Design, this Spring, evinced a marked improvement on previous efforts, and many of the good pictures found a ready sale in spite of the hard times. Among the most noteworthy productions on exhibition we should mention, "A Rose in October," by E. A. Abbey, which sold for \$400, a quaint genre picture, giving in early New England dress a country damsel waiting for some one at the gate in the field. The drawing is perfect, and the coloring is exquisite. "Studio of Vibert," by D. Bourgoin, owned by Knoedler & Co., one of the finest, if not the most remarkable water-color painting we have ever seen. The variety and harmony of color and the accuracy of the drawing made this the picture in the exhibition, and it gained many warm admirers for its French author across the sea. Several of Magrath's, especially "On the Threshold," were also pleasing and striking. For what purpose James Symington's "Last Stitch" was at the Exhibition we could not understand. Perhaps it is our lack of artistic training that made us mark it as "horrid."

Some doubt has been expressed in regard to the permanency of water color, but there is in reality no reason for it. Professor Aaron Penley, of England, a distinguished authority, in his great folio work entitled "The English School of Painting in Water Colors," says: "The great charm of water colors is principally in the air tones, so beautifully adapted are they for the representation of atmosphere under every condition. The reason of this is very apparent, from the paper shining through the

several transparent tints washed upon it. To obtain depth and power in the lightest tones for finished works a mere single wash is insufficient. It is necessary to repeat the washings on and washings-off, in order that the tints may partake of the granular surface of the paper. It is from this peculiar grain, this alternation of hill and dale, as it were, of the surface, that the eye rather looks into than upon it, and carries the impression of space more than of definite distance. In this respect it has a decided advantage over oil painting, where the extreme lights of skies and distances are invariably impasted. Every thing loses quality of surface from distance, and ought, to all appearance, to be free from an overcharge of color. Now, this is especially the case in water-color painting. If, therefore, in skies and the extreme distances the forms are correctly drawn, and the several gradations of tone and tint faithfully rendered, then does it stand pre-eminently beautiful in the representation of nature. Nothing can be more exquisitely refined. I have said *if*, because in case of failure the fault will assuredly arise from an inability in the artist, and not the material employed."

**THE DEVIL AND SUPERSTITION.**—It was in the character of Mephistopheles that the devil figured in the popular stories of the Continent. But the companionship of the learned Faustus and his Satanic Majesty, which was so widely spread as a belief in the Sixteenth Century, had its origin in the popular superstitions of centuries gone before. Especially the feature of a compact with the devil was known to the ancients no less than to the moderns. Zoroaster, Democritus, Empedocles, and many other great men, were popularly believed to keep up a secret intercourse with the supreme source of evil, and in the Middle Ages scarcely one noted scholar of physical science escaped the sometimes dangerous suspicion of drawing his superior knowledge from forbidden sources. Raimondus Lullius, Albert Magnus, and in more modern times Cornelius Agrippa and Theophrastus Paracelsus, may be cited as the victims of a superstition which seemed to increase rather than to abate with the general progress of the human mind toward the close of the Middle Ages. Even the head of the Church was not exempted from the same suspicion on the part of the

faithful believers. It would lead us too far to give a list of all the Roman popes who were said to have *spiritus familiares* in their service. Benedict IX had seven such evil spirits in a sugar-bottle; while Paul II signed the fatal compact with his blood on his own thumb, the fiend watching him, in the meanwhile, in the shape of a little gray man. This pope, in consequence, was richer than any of his predecessors, and led a disgraceful life, but was called to account by his awful creditor in the midst of his sins. But all these minor actors dwindled away into nothingness as soon as Faust appeared on the scene of popular consciousness. He was at once created the archetype of cabalistic power and wisdom, and usurped the rights of all his predecessors in the *ars magica*. The choice stories that had hitherto been divided among several individuals were now all attributed to him. Marlowe, in English, and Goethe, in German, have given dramatic effect to these superstitions and perpetuated their story in literature, so that the strange and benighted visions of the dark ages are not likely to be lost to the world, however far it may get away from such beliefs.

ANCIENT POSTAL CONNECTIONS.—In our modern speed of railroad travel and the consequent facilities in the transmission of mail matter over the whole civilized world, it is well enough to look back to the time when letter writing was a luxury indulged in only by a few, and communication between friends at a distance well-nigh an impossibility. In its first application the word *post* was applied to a courier or carrier of messages. The use of posts, some writers say, originated with the Persians. Their kings, in order to have intelligence of what was passing through all the provinces of their vast dominions, placed sentinels on eminences at convenient distances, where towers were built. These sentinels gave notice of public occurrences from one to another with a very loud and shrill voice, by which news was transmitted from one extremity of the kingdom to another with great expedition. But as this could not be practiced except in the case of general news, which it was expedient that the whole nation should be acquainted with, Cyrus appointed couriers, and places for post horses and houses on all the high-roads, for the reception of the couriers,

where they were to deliver their packets to the next, and so on. This they did night and day, stopped by no inclemency of weather, and they are represented to have moved with astonishing speed. Xerxes, in his famous expedition against Greece, planted posts from the Ægean Sea to Shushan, or Susa, to send notice thither of what might happen to his army; he placed also messengers from station to station, to convey his packets, at such distances from each other as a horse might easily travel. The regularity and swiftness of the Roman posts were likewise admirable. Gibbon observes: "The advantage of receiving the earliest intelligence, and of conveying their orders with celerity, induced the emperors to establish throughout their extensive dominions the regular institution of posts. Houses were every-where erected at the distance only of five or six miles; each of them was constantly provided with forty horses; and by the help of these relays it was easy to travel a hundred miles a day along the Roman roads." In the time of Theodosius, Cesarius, a magistrate of high rank, went by post from Antioch to Constantinople. He began his journey at night, was in Cappadocia (one hundred and sixty-five miles from Antioch) the ensuing evening, and arrived at Constantinople the sixth day about noon. The whole distance was seven hundred and twenty-five Roman, or six hundred and sixty-five English, miles. This service seems to have been very laxly performed till the time of Trajan, previous to whose reign the Roman messengers were in the habit of seizing for the public service any horses that came in their way. Some regularity was observed from this time forward, as in the Theodosian code mention is made of post-horses, and orders given for their regulation. Throughout all this period posts were only used on special occasions. Letters from private persons were conveyed by private hands, and were confined for the most part to business of sufficient urgency. Yet to judge the correspondence of ancient times from the immense number of Egyptian, Babylonian, and Persian seals still in existence, it must have been considerable. Posts disappeared from Europe with the breaking up of the Roman Empire. The modern postal establishment is said to have originated with King Louis XI, of France, about the middle of the Fifteenth Century.



ON DIET.—It is a well-established fact that in every effort we make, however slight, whether it be muscular, respiratory, or mental, there is a corresponding loss of tissue. Now, this waste, as it passes out of the body by the various excretions, is found to contain certain constituents, as nitrogen, carbon, various salts, etc., which are exactly similar to those which enter into the composition of the blood and tissues of the body, and therefore it follows that, in order to repair the waste which is continually going on, these constituents must enter into the food taken. Some articles of food are rich in nitrogen, as, for example, meat and peas; some are rich in carbon, as suet, sugar, etc.; whilst others contain both these elements in various proportions, and are called mixed, of which the best examples are milk, rice, potatoes, and the various meals, as oatmeal, wheat-meal, barley-meal, etc. Nitrogenous food builds up and repairs tissue, as flesh, muscle, etc.; while carbonaceous food, by a process of combustion, serves to assist respiration, and is called the respiratory food. Certain salts are also necessary to form and sustain the solid framework and nerve tissue, and these are found in common salt and various vegetables. Diet, therefore, to be wholesome and nourishing, must contain these three elements, as well as some fat and water. But there are some other points about diet, as well as its chemical composition, which require some notice. First, it should be regular, and not hurried; second, it should be sufficient in quantity; third, it should be adapted to age. Regularity of diet is most important, as nothing contributes so much to produce indigestion as irregular meals and too much haste in taking them. For an adult three meals in the day are sufficient, and the hours should be so arranged as to have as far as possible an equal interval between each

meal. Children require food more frequently. With regard to quantity much will depend upon the nature of the work done; the greater the work the greater the waste, and therefore the greater the quantity of food requisite to repair it. The quality of the food must also be good, and be of a mixed character, to fulfill the conditions already mentioned. Children require a different diet from adults. In infancy milk contains all that is necessary for their nurture; as they grow older other matters have to be added to give it a more mixed character. Finally, a healthy diet should be free from excess generally, and should not consist of one class of food only to the exclusion of others.

AN INTERESTED AUDIENCE.—Apropos of the revival of the question of a future state of punishment, which is just now occupying so much of the time and pens of clergymen and editors, the following contribution to Harper's "Drawer," from a clever brother editor in New Jersey, seems particularly "pat."

Some years ago there lived in Hightstown, New Jersey, a young man named Clark Hutchinson, "to the manor born." He was a carriage-builder, and an expert workman, but was also "jack-at-all-trades," always ready to leave his legitimate business and engage in any thing new that turned up. The Universalists had a Church in the town, and Hutchinson became a leading man in the society. He was fond of controversy, and on one occasion was expounding the tenets of his faith with much energy to a crowd on a street corner, when "Jim" Norris, a well-to-do blacksmith, who was listening with much interest, broke in with: "Make it strong, Clarky; make it strong; for there's a good many of us a-dependin' on it."

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## LITERATURE.

THE remark may be trite that there is a variety of ways of writing history; but the recognition of that fact is necessary to the right reading of history. Even in the mere record of events there must be a selection of a few for record, and the suppression of many more;

and of those so chosen, their kind or class will vary with the tastes and purposes of the writer. The least difficult to write, and the least instructive to the student, is the simple records of political and military affairs, which often make up the great body of historical

books. A knowledge of these things, as well as of many others, is indeed quite necessary for the more thorough and philosophical study of the history of a people, without which latter the study of history is scarcely more elevated than the stories of Don Quixote or Robinson Crusoe. Of this more elevated kind of historical delineation is the work\* just published by the Appleton's, from the pen of one of the most competent of English writers, Mr. W. E. H. Lecky, whose name will be recognized as that of the author of a most learned and able work on European Morals during the first thousand years of our era. The author so happily outlines the design and scope of the work in a single paragraph of his brief preface, that we can not do better than to copy his own words:

"I have not attempted to write the history of the period I have chosen, year by year, or to give a detailed account of military events, or of the minor party or personal incidents which form so large a part of political annals. It has been my object to disengage from the great mass of facts those which relate to the permanent forces of the nation, or which indicate some of the more enduring features of national life. The growth or decline of the monarchy, the aristocracy, and the democracy, of the Church, and of dissent, of the agricultural, the manufacturing, and the commercial interests; the increasing power of Parliament and of the press; the history of political ideas, of art, of manners, and of belief; the changes that have taken place in the social and economical condition of the people; the influences that have modified national character; the relations of the mother country to its dependencies, and the causes that have accelerated or retarded the advancement of the latter, form the main subject of this book."

With such an outline of his plan before them, it will not be difficult for those who are acquainted with the cast of the author's mind to forecast the chief features of his performance. Politically, he is at once liberal and unpartisan, and quite able to distinguish between the real and the simulated in political professions. His notions of morality are clear and somewhat elevated, and his most strongly expressed antipathies are against those forms of social and political wrongs which seek to cover themselves with the cloak of moral hypocrisy.

His attitude towards religious affairs is rather political than either theological or spiritual, which is negatively in his favor, as saving him from ecclesiastical partisanship, but positively against him, as incapacitating him for the proper appreciation of the social forces of religion, as they were seen and felt during the period in question; and yet it would be unjust to censure the author as wholly deficient in these particulars.

His last chapter, of one hundred and thirty pages, is devoted to the "Religious Revival," in which the facts and philosophical and social relations of Methodism are rather copiously discussed, and without accepting all that he says (indeed we should *except* to much, and qualify more), we may congratulate all who love the truth of history for this record. Methodists, as well as others, may study it to advantage.

SOMEWHAT like, and yet more unlike, the foregoing is Mr. John Richard Green's *History of the English People*®—(Harper and Brothers) which covers the period extending from the earliest Saxon occupation (A. D. 449) to the close of the "Wars of the Roses" (A. D. 1461), to be followed by three more volumes, coming down to nearly the present time. During this protracted period of a thousand years, and spanning the long dark era of the "Middle Ages," the English "people," as such, was born and advanced to a proper national character. The process was a slow and a painful one, and at the end of the period here detailed, "the English People" was small in numbers, poor in property, and very rude,—almost barbarous, indeed, in their manners and customs. The various steps by which the people advanced from the low estate that existed at the beginning of the era here described are faithfully though concisely detailed in this book, whose special value is that it is not simply a record of military affairs, and a register of successive reigns, but rather a history of the development of a great and well defined nationality, which now fills a chief place in the world, besides having sent off scions that have or shall become other nationalities, themselves vitalized with the same culture and character. Because of its relative

\* A HISTORY OF ENGLAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By William Edward Hartpole Lecky. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Two volumes. 8vo. Pp. 699 and 626.

® HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE. By John Richard Green, M. A. Volume I. With eight maps. New York: Harper and Brothers. 8vo. Pp. 576.

brevity, and inexpensiveness, this should become a popular work, for the home reading of our American youths.

JOSEPH COOK,—read only as the name of any one of the thousand individuals who may bear it as the individual cognomen of each, is an altogether commonplace thing. But to-day, that name indicates a notable factor among our social forces,—a power that men have consented to recognize,—a champion in an ever present conflict whom his adversaries can not despise. A little more than a year ago that name was but a name, to-day it is known over two hemispheres, and the learned world has consented to hear what he has to say. The suddenness of his advent is equaled only by the depth of the impression made by his onslaught and the persistent interest that he succeeds in commanding, considered quite apart from the substance of his utterances. The history of his career during these few months is simply wonderful. For a while he was known only as a voice sounding out from the platform of the Boston Music Hall, arraigning with a boldness that seemed like temerity, and with a fervor of utterance that suggested thoughts of madness, the cultured self-appreciation of the easy-going theosophists of that city. The affair was calculated to remind one of Paul in Athens,—and like those of that ancient seat of learning, the philosophers and sophists of our modern Athens concluded to hear "what that babbler would say," and they are hearing him still; and while some "mock," others say "we will hear thee again of this matter." But the reporters, and the newspapers, and the book-makers, have all sought to turn to account the interest so awakened, and accordingly we have in hand three goodly volumes,\* made up entirely of the *Boston Monday Lectures*. The subject thus comes legitimately within our range, and therefore as in duty bound we pay it our respects.

For the outside structure of these books Mr. Cook can not be held to account, for he did not make them, but only spoke their matter in the form of public lectures; and since reporters are not book-makers, it is not strange

that these lectures made up into bound volumes, are still as to their form, partly essays, and partly platform lectures. This must account for and excuse many things in their form and style, that would otherwise be open to unfavorable criticisms. We think, too, that it would have been agreeable to good taste to have passed the editorial pen across certain merely colloquial expressions, and especially to have stricken out the oft repeated "applause." The platform speech and the printed book are not the same, and their differences should be recognized and respected.

Respecting Mr. Cook's methods of argumentation, but little needs to be said, since every body at all interested in the matter has had the opportunity to study the subject for himself. His first great quality is boldness, as seen in his attacks upon the strongholds of learned and opinionated skepticism; and the poise that he displays in his conflicts proves his own strength if not that of his positions. It had come to be the case that the learned scientists, through long possession of their field of argument, had concluded that their positions were quite unassailable, and therefore the fierce onslaught of this brave Quixote rather surprised than alarmed them. But as fortifications thrown up in times of peace are seldom found to be proof against vigorous assaults, so Mr. Cook's dash among the settled maxims of scientific unfaith produced not a little confusion, and put the learned skeptics on the defense,—at which they have not been especially successful. It seems to be Mr. Cook's mission to popularize the arguments in favor of divine revelation, against the specious counter arguments of a class of modern men of science. For the learned, these arguments had been already abundantly and successfully traversed and disproved. But since the propagandists of unbelief had taken pains to address themselves to this unlearned multitude, or more especially to the superficially learned, it was requisite to follow them into their own chosen field, and for this kind of warfare Mr. Cook's method is especially well adapted. It is bold, even apparently to recklessness; it is incisive,—thrusting the weapon home to the heart of the subject, and less careful for defense than vigorous for assault. It is an easy art of disputation to assume self-evident truths whenever needed, and if Mr. Cook has sometimes used this method

\* BOSTON MONDAY LECTURES. I. *Biology*. With Preludes on Current Events. II. *Transcendentalism*. With Preludes, etc. III. *Orthodoxy*. With Preludes, etc. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 12mo. Pp. 325, 305, 343.

rather freely, he may have learned the practice of those against whom he is arrayed. It may be that he is better fitted for overturning self-sufficient errors than for constructing a symmetrical system of truths; but the iconoclast has a mission, not less useful than that of the teacher that edifies.

Mr. Cook's books, if indeed these can properly be called his, will speak to thousands who will never hear his voice, and they will be useful. But the magnetic impressiveness of the living voice and of the personal presence must necessarily largely detract from their effectiveness, as felt at their first delivery.

REV. DR. EDKINS'S book on *Religion in China*, which now appears in a second edition,\* is much more than an ordinary traveler's observations or the journals of a foreign resident. It is rather a carefully prepared exposition of the three great religions of China,—the Buddhist, the Taonan, and the Confucian, considered in connection with their relative prevalence, and their various modifications, and the influence exercised by each upon the people. And because of the power of religious faith and practices in all Chinese affairs, in presenting the characters and active agencies of their several religious systems, the chief social elements are also brought into view, and the condition of society is the better understood.

While such a book is valuable and full of interest for all intelligent readers, it especially deserves the most careful study of all who are in any way concerned in the promotion of Christian missions in that vast empire. British and American Christians have undertaken the gigantic enterprise of changing the religion of the oldest of existing empires, with its hundreds of millions of people, whose civilization antedates our era, and whose traditional self-complacency has led them to account all other peoples as simply "outside barbarians." That most of our missionary boards have scarcely the faintest idea of the character of the work to be done is quite obvious,—and even among those actually engaged as missionaries, it may be assumed that only a very

few have adequate conceptions of the work in which they are engaged. For all such the careful study of such a work as this would effectuate most desirable results.

SCARCELY any other department of science has made such great advances during the present generation as that which may be termed *Geological Palæontology*. Like every other science it is in the beginning purely inductive,—and since this is still not very far removed from the beginning, it must still abide for the most part among its original facts,—though sufficient progress has been made to warrant some attempts at generalizations and the construction of theories. The pursuit of this subject has been beset with difficulties, on account of its relations, real or imaginary to theology, in respect to which each party has erred about equally,—the scientists have most improperly become dogmatists, and the theologians have resented the temerity that has dared to follow out the truths taught by nature, when it was fancied or feared that they might not exactly harmonize with somebody's cosmogony, which he had supposed that he had learned from the Bible. Nicholson's *Ancient Life History of the Earth*† is simply a scientific work, and as such it should be read, and its merits and defects should be estimated according to its fidelity to the facts in hand, and the philosophical soundness of its theories and deductions.

WE like Huxley, Spencer, and all of that ilk, so long as they keep within their own specialties. It may be granted that they are narrow, as specialists usually are, very naturally and almost necessarily. But they are also sharp and incisive, in their proper fields of study and investigation. Their scientific methodology is also something admirable, evincing their advanced mastery of their studies, and their skilled habits of classification. All this, though spoken generally of a class, of both persons and works, applies very fully to the latest published of Huxley's works,—*Anatomy of Invertebrated Animals*.† It

\*THE ANCIENT LIFE HISTORY OF THE EARTH. A Comprehensive Outline of the Principles and Leading Facts of Palæontological Science. By H. Alleyne Nicholson, Professor of Natural History in the University of St. Andrews. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 12mo. Pp. 407.

†A MANUAL OF THE ANATOMY OF INVERTEBRATED ANIMALS. By Thomas H. Huxley, LL. D., F. R. S. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 12mo. Pp. 596.

\*RELIGION IN CHINA; containing a brief account of Three Religions of the Chinese. With observations on the prospects of Christian conversion among that people. By Joseph Edkins, D. D., author of "China's Place in Philosophy," etc. Second edition. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 12mo. Pp. 260.



will not be suspected that we have thoroughly studied all that the book contains, though we have examined it cursorily; but we are bold to commend it as a learned and instructive discussion of the subject in hand. It is not a religious work, only as all nature leads ultimately to the great Creator; nor is it anti-religious, for it stops quite short of the supernatural, as all purely scientific works should.

"PULPIT HELPS" are generally sorry affairs. Like go-carts and crutches, for learning to walk, such books may be useful if used very sparingly, and very soon entirely discarded; and, yet since sermon-making must be classed among the useful rather than the fine arts,—a business for *artisans* rather than *artists*,—certain manuals and directions will continue to be serviceable. A book of this class,\* just now issued, is before us,—designed especially to suggest topics for sermons, with appropriate texts indicated. Such a work requires less of genius than of plodding industry, with a kind of aptitude for details. The whole Bible is gone through in order, and its available texts, with the topics for which they are adapted, are given in full. We can conceive how such a guide might be serviceable to a young minister, if used with proper discretion; but only a young and unprovided one would find much use for it.

THE Warner Sisters have, for nearly forty years past been scattering their books, till they have probably penetrated to the extremities of the "wide, wide world." And still from their island home in the Hudson, under the shadow of "Old Cro'nest," hard by West Point, these gifted writers continue to make themselves heard,—or, more properly, read. A good and useful, though unpretentious volume,† "by the author of the Wide, Wide World" just now comes to hand, bearing the imprint of the

Carters—(both author's and publishers' names are guarantees of its character)—*The Kingdom of Judah*. In the form of a narrative of travels and sojournings in the Holy Land, made by a family party, is given the history of the Southern Kingdom of the Hebrews, from the revolt under Jeroboam to the fall of Jerusalem under King Zedekiah. The declared purpose of the book is "for the help of those who like to study the Bible, and who can not get at the great books of the scholars." For that purpose we judge it to be well adapted.

It is a pleasant satire that is sometimes told, of the parishioner of Rev. Thomas Scott, the commentator, to whom he had commended his edition of "Pilgrim's Progress with Notes," and who afterwards, meeting her pastor, told him of her delight in the book, only that she could not quite understand some of the notes. One may suspect that the same criticism would often apply to many of our learned commentaries on the Holy Scriptures,—we believe, however, that in this respect the very concise, very clear, and truly evangelical Commentary\* on the New Testament, just issued by the Methodist Book Concern, prepared by Rev. Amos Binney, of the Providence Conference, will be found as nearly exempt as almost any other. It is as large and as learned as will be required by the non-professional reader. The Sunday-school scholar or teacher, the class-leader or local preacher,—or the unofficial Christian, man, woman, or child, will all and each find it a good thing for their instruction.

MR. CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER has written several really clever Juvenile books, which have been popular with two classes of persons, for two distinct reasons,—his publishers and his young readers. It may be that some of his readers are no longer young. Still another installment—the sixth† is now on hand,—the most rollicking of the set.

MERIVALE'S "History of Rome" has secured a high reputation in a comparatively brief

\* HOMILETICAL INDEX: a Hand-book of Texts, Themes and Authors, for the Use of Preachers and Bible Scholars generally; Embracing twenty thousand citations of Scriptural Texts, and of Discourses founded Thereon, Under a Twofold Arrangement: I. Textual. II. Topical. By J. H. Pettengill, A. M. With an Introduction by George E. Day, D. D., of Yale College. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 8vo. Pp. 316.

† THE KINGDOM OF JUDAH. By the author of the "Wide, Wide World." New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 18mo. Pp. 385.

\* THE PEOPLE'S COMMENTARY, including Brief Notes on the New Testament, with copious References, etc. By Amos Binney, author of the "Theological Compend." With an Introduction by Rev. Daniel Steele, D. D. New York: Nelson & Phillips. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. 12mo. Pp. 706.

† BEING A BOY. By Charles Dudley Warner, author of "Back-log Studies," etc. Illustrated. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 16mo. Pp. 244.

period; and for the thorough student of history it is just the work needed. But for general readers, and especially for beginners, it is quite too full and voluminous. We are pleased therefore to see it in a greatly abridged form,—or rather to see that a condensed History of Rome,\* based upon that work, has been made by a competent hand,—so presenting a most valuable School History.

THERE are two opposite methods of preparing text-books for the study of the classics: to put into them as far as possible all that the pupil is expected to learn, and to afford him all possible helps for translating the lesson in hand,—or, on the other hand, to give only the original text, "without note or comment," leaving the pupil to deal with it, with only such aids as can be gotten from the grammar and lexicon,—with the help of the teacher. On the latter method, "Harper's Greek and Latin Texts" are prepared. They are neat little volumes,—fifteen in all,—cheap and port-

able, and just what the student wants,—Cicero's *Tusculan Disputations*\* forms the latest published of this series.

A HALF dozen not over long stories put together make a good appearing little volume of two hundred and sixty-three pages. It was written by Rev. P. B. Power, and published by Robert Carter and Brothers, and the title of the first of these stories is given to the whole book, *Take care of Number One*.

HARPER & BROTHERS have added to their "Half Hour Series" a number of brief novelettes; namely, (51) *The Bride of Londeck*, by G. P. R. James. (52) *Brother Jacob, or the Lifted Veil*, by George Eliot. (53) *A Shadow on the Thresh-old*, by Mary Cecil Hay. (50) *The Tender Recollections of Irene Macgillcuddy*. Of their "Library of Select Novels," paper covers, No. 607 is *The Wreck of the "Grosvenor,"* and account of the mutiny of the crew, and the loss of the ship, when trying to make the Bermudas,—a regular sea yarn, with a smack of verisimilitude.

## EX CATHEDRA.

### THE SILVER BILL.

ALMOST the only act of general legislation, accomplished by the United States Congress at the end of five months of session, special and regular, is the passage of a law, over the President's veto, by nearly a three-quarters majority of either house, making a silver coin, of from ninety to ninety-two cents' value, a legal tender for a dollar, and providing for the coinage of such "dollars" with all available rapidity. Respecting any and all questions of national finances and of political economy, we are aware that plausible arguments may be rendered in favor of almost any theory, and, therefore, we avoid all discussions of such questions as most engage the attention of statesmen and politicians. But we are more sensitive in respect to another aspect of the case. Besides its influence upon our national

credit, which can not fail to be disastrous, this action has an unpleasant relation to our national morality. It is a gauge and test of the public respect for the purely moral aspects of any great question that may come before it; and certainly the result of this trial is not altogether flattering. Our Government, at its own instance, and for its own profit, placed itself in the attitude of a debtor to certain private parties, both its own citizens and foreigners. About the kind of dollars named in the bonds of indebtedness issued both parties clearly understood them to be gold dollars, that metal being the only one which at the time entered in the coinage of the United States. And since the moral law for interpreting contracts is that the mutual understanding of the parties shall be accepted, the moral obligation of the Government to pay its bonds in gold would seem to be unquestionable.

\*SCHOOL HISTORY OF ROME. From the Foundation of the City to the Extinction of the Empire of the West. Abridged from Dean Merivale's History of Rome. By C. Puller, M. A., Trinity College, Cambridge. With 13 maps. New York: Harper & Brothers. 18mo. Pp. 390.

\*M. TULLII CICERONIS TUSCULANARUM DISPUTATIONUM, ad Brutum, Libri Quinque. Recognoscit Reinholdus Klotz. Novi Eboraci, apud Harpers Fratres. 24mo. Pp. 189.

But it is said that the word "coin" used in those bonds may mean silver coin as well as gold, and since the weight and fineness of silver dollars have not been fixed at a uniform standard, it devolved upon Congress to determine that question.

To all this we will make no reply, not because its fallacy is not patent, but because its practical viciousness is obvious. If all that is thus claimed shall be conceded, it yet remains, that the creditor is deprived of a part of what he supposed he was purchasing, and that the debtor is paying less than he supposed at the time of bargaining that he would have to pay. And this being the clear and only obvious aspect of the case, the unsophisticated lookers-on, see in this transaction a marked case of national fraud. That all this may operate unfavorably upon our financial credit with foreign capitalists, though not unworthy of attention, is still, comparatively, a small matter. Nor have we many tears to shed over the spoliation to which the public creditors are forced to submit; for it is the common experience of those who have treasures upon earth that "thieves break through and steal." Nor are we chiefly concerned that business affairs must remain unsettled, and prices continue to fluctuate; that every payer shall be allowed to scale down all his bills by ten per cent, and that every dollar of wages nominally shall be paid with a coin worth scarcely ninety-two cents. All these are bad enough; but they are of small amount by the side of what will be looked upon as a clear and flagrant case of wholesale fraud, which is now accomplished under the sacred sanctions of law.

Debts owed by sovereign states can not be collected by any legal process, for the state is above the law; or, since the debt is to be paid in the coinage of the debtor country, and that country regulates its own coinage, no fixed proportions between real and nominal values can be maintained. Among the high prerogatives of sovereignty is that of debasing the coinage; and though for many years none of the "effete monarchies" of Europe have resorted to its use, yet our free Republic, by the voice of her highest assembly, which is recognized as the embodiment of the popular will, now openly and shamelessly resorts to it. All this shows two things, first that the moral sense of the people is very obtuse, and the

standard of both honesty and honor very much depressed; and, second, that to this great evil is now to be added the pernicious influence of what will be looked upon as a high crime, sheltered under the sacred authority of the State.

We rejoice that amid this high disregard of at least *apparent* "iniquity framed by law," the voice of one department of the Government was raised to characterize the act as it deserves; that while the legislature was ready to defy the moral sentiment of the world, and to assume the fearful responsibility of setting an example of gigantic fraud before the people, the voice of the executive was heard firmly, though ineffectually, denouncing the fraud as such. Could the subject be brought under the cognizance of the judiciary sitting in equity, there can be but little doubt that the shame spot would be effectually wiped out.

And now, rather oddly, that fraud (as simple folk believe it to be) is to go out with a grimace of piety upon its face. The new coinage, every piece of which is to effectuate a cheat of from five to ten per cent at every passage, will bear the legend, "In God we Trust." We have heard of "Holy" alliances formed for the most diabolical purposes, and of "sacred" colleges where were taught the doctrine of devils, but these were of the old world. Our own people, too, seem to be learning new ways for paying old debts, while in God we trust.

#### THE ENGLISH "BURIALS BILL."

It is not at all strange that the notion has become established in non-ecclesiastical opinions that Churchmen are tenacious of their powers and privileges, and that they are almost universally slow to learn how to fashion their policy from a judicious foresight of the inevitable. A long time ago one who spent his whole public life in a sharp contest with the ecclesiasticism of his age asked, reprovingly, "How is it that ye do not perceive the signs of the times?" and the same question might have been asked in the same spirit of the ecclesiastics of almost any people or period since that time. The possibility of the growth of popular liberty in the social community and the state without violence has been largely demonstrated in modern history, and especially in that of Great Britain; but every concession by "the Church" has been wrung from

its most unwilling grasp by a power outside of its own organism. And it is further manifest that the liberalizing tendencies of these last years of the Nineteenth Century do not reach to the depositaries of ecclesiastical power in Great Britain. The end of all this asinine stubbornness and blindness to the spirit and tendencies of the times is not difficult to be foreseen. Disestablishment or disrobing of power are its only alternatives for "the Church."

Just now the "conservative" party is in the ascendancy in that kingdom, and the Church is hiding itself under its protection. But with all the subserviency of that power to the ecclesiastics, by whose favor it is a power, it finds no little difficulty in rallying its own forces to defend the hoary abuses of the Church against the onslaughts of the spirit of the age. The last trial of strength took place only a short time ago respecting the right of others than Church of England people to have their dead buried in the national church-yards, with such religious services as the friends of the deceased may prefer performed by their own chosen ministers. These church-yards are the property of the English nation, and it would seem to any one not familiar with the dark and crooked ways of the politico-ecclesiastic system of that kingdom that the privilege demanded is only the natural right of every Englishman. But not so say the dignitaries of the "Church of England by law established," and hitherto Parliament has sustained the unrighteous pretense. But at each trial of the strength of the contestants the diminished vote by which this ancient abuse is maintained becomes more and more significantly prophetic of the coming end. In a recent discussion in the House of Commons—which has a strong conservative majority—a motion to allow all classes and creeds the same rights of burial, with such religious rites as they may prefer, was defeated by the slender majority of only fifteen votes. All parties fairly interpret this action as indicating the near coming of a change,—which must be either all that its promoters demand, or else only a step forward in a movement that shall cease only with the complete accomplishment of its purpose, the freedom of "God's acre." Had the venerable dignitaries of the Church only a small measure of worldly prudence they might make of

their present necessities their opportunity to seem to be magnanimous. Their monopoly of the use of the public property is evidently slipping out of their hands; were they wise, or even capable of learning the simplest lessons of expediency, they might gain for their order the favor of the public by seeming willingly to surrender what they can not by any possibility maintain. But most certainly they will not.

#### OUR "STUDY."

WE invite special attention to the article which we this month admit to our own personal columns, the "Editor's Study," as a production quite worthy of a careful reading, and as a discussion of a subject that demands of those concerned a greater share of attention than it has received. We would not have it understood that by giving it place we make all its utterances our own. This the writer would not ask, and certainly we would not grant. But we like frank and manly discussion, though we may dissent from both the premises assumed and the conclusions reached, and for that reason we like the article in question, and hope it may be read in the same frank and Christian and Methodistical spirit in which it is written.

But while we decline to have it understood that by inserting the article we indorse all its positions, we are free to confess that with much that it contains we are in entire sympathy; and in cases where we may hesitate we are more than willing that the subject shall be fully and fearlessly canvassed. And therefore we rejoice in the writer's boldness of utterance, trusting that, by the examination that it may elicit, the truth will be more clearly displayed. Hitherto only one side of these questions has been presented, and even that not in the form of arguments, but of self-complacent assumption. We have glorified ourselves as a denomination,—our history, polity, and achievements,—but have not done much in the way of clearing up the philosophy of our system. We have no fears that the most thorough examination of that system will do it any harm. If, however, any body shall think that J. P.'s views of the subject are not correct we shall be happy to present an equally well-written essay on that side,—*provided*, that it shall not be a replication in form, and be wholly free from all personalities.